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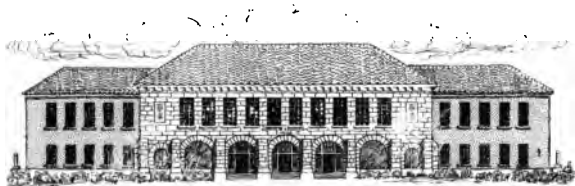


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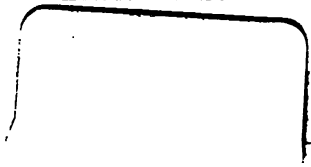


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STORY
OF
COLUMBUS.

BY MARA L. PRATT, M. D.,
Author of "American History Stories," — Etc.

EDUCATIONAL PUBLISHING COMPANY,
BOSTON.
NEW YORK. CHICAGO.

DEPARTMENT OF EDUCATION
HAWAIIAN STATE COLLEGE
HONOLULU

613207

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1892.

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Christophe Colomb

CHRISTOPHER COLUMBUS.

In the grand old sea-port of Genoa, lived the little lad whom to-day the whole world knows as Christopher Columbus.

As a little boy, he was, I suspect, very like all little boys — he thought and thought; he whistled and planned; he fell into all the mishaps incident to a boy's life in Genoa as in America.

Indeed, one rather humorous historian tells a story of him that runs something like this: "One day when Columbus was six years old, his mother sent him out in the early morning on an errand. The morning grew to noon, the afternoon grew to evening — still the child had not returned. The whole household was in sorrow and excitement. 'My child,



HOUSE IN GENOA IN WHICH
COLUMBUS WAS BORN.

my child! my child is lost!’ his mother wailed; and even the father, stern always with his children, was not a little moved.

But at dusk the child returned. “Been playing out on the wharves,” was his answer when his mother, half beside herself with fright, flew to meet him.

This is a very simple little story and not at all peculiar to Columbus, as any boy living in a sea-coast town can no doubt tell you; still it will do no harm to know that as a *very* little boy he was exactly like all other very little boys — at play about the streets, getting into all sorts



THE BOY COLUMBUS.

of dangers, meeting with endless adventures, and — as you see — forgetting to do his mother's errands.

There is very little really known about the childhood of Columbus ; very likely because he was so like all other children. Though had his people known what a hero he was by-and-by to become, how they would have stored up all his wise little sayings and wonderful adventures !

But, you see, they did not know ; so all we know of that part of his life is that as he grew a little older, he became a very thoughtful boy, showing early a strong liking for the sea and for all that belonged to the sea.

Year after year, as he saw the ships come in, and heard the wonderful stories that the sailors told, there grew in him a longing to visit those far away lands, a thirst for adventure, a hope that he, too, might sometime find a "new land."

Christopher Columbus was not an ignorant boy. His father, although a simple workingman, a wool-

comber, seems to have been intelligent; a man who strove to keep alive in his children a love for education, and to give them all the opportunity within his power.



A GENESEE WOOL-COMBER.

Columbus had a fair, common-school education, as we should call it, and had given no little time to drawing, designing, and to the study of astronomy and navigation.

It was when Columbus was about twenty-five years

of age that he was sent out in command of a squadron to aid a certain king in his struggle to recover his king-



ROOM IN WHICH COLUMBUS WAS BORN. (From an old Print.)

dom. There is little known of this conflict, as far as Columbus is concerned, farther than that “the squadron of Columbus gained much renown for its valor.”

In a letter to Ferdinand and Isabella, then king and queen of Spain, Columbus gave a brief account of



one of his adventures, when his vessel was sent to attack a galley in the harbor of Tunis. In some way report

reached the ears of his crew that this galley was protected by two other ships. "It would be fool-hardiness to attempt an attack upon a galley so armed," said they, "and we refuse to proceed."

"Very well," answered Columbus after a reasonable amount of arguing with his crew, "we will go back for re-inforcements."

But this was far from his real intention. So quietly altering the direction of the compass, he spread full sail. Night came on. Quietly they sailed on; but when morning dawned, behold they were in the harbor where the galley lay. History does not tell us what the result of this strategy proved to be; so I suppose the lesson we are to learn from it is that Columbus was quick-witted, able in command, and equal to an emergency.

These were days of peril and hardship for sailors; pirates infested the seas, and every sailor had need of soldierly training as well as an understanding of nautical affairs.

At one time Columbus was engaged in a most

desperate sea-fight with one of these pirate vessels. The two vessels were lashed together with iron grappling-hooks, and both were wrapped in flames. Not until the last minute did Columbus leave his ship. Then, when all hope was lost, he leaped into the raging sea, and buoyed up by an oar, made his way safely to the shore — six miles away.

At such a time as this, Columbus received his sailor-training; and this it was, that, in the years to come, fitted him for the hardships of his adventurous discoveries and explorations.

* * * * *

I know not when this hope enthralled me first,
But from my boyhood up I loved to hear
The tall pine forests of the Appennine
Murmur their hoary legends of the sea.

* * * * *

— From Lowell's "Columbus."

PLANS OF COLUMBUS.

Columbus was thoughtful. He had sailed far to the north, and had there heard vague rumors of a land far away, which had been visited by the sturdy Northmen. Then, too, his habits of study had led him to doubt the theories of that time regarding the shape of the earth and the movements of the planets.

In a letter to a friend, he once wrote, "For forty years I have been studying, trying to seek out the secrets of nature." And so it came about that it was to him that the revelation of the true shape of the earth and of the "new continent" was given.

In his wanderings from sea to sea, and from port to port, he had often met mariners — intelligent, observing men — who had, as he had done, explored all seas and visited all lands then known to the world. From those who had sailed farthest west, he heard of driftwood that had been found on the waters, different from any known growth.

One sailor told Columbus of two dead men that had been washed ashore far out upon the Azores, and who were very different from any races of Europe or Africa.

These, and other stories of these westward voyages, began gradually to awaken in Columbus a belief that somewhere, far away towards the setting sun, there must be other lands, and perhaps other people.

Columbus was quiet, thoughtful, free from selfishness, given rather to doubting his own power than to pushing himself forward.

Night after night, when this idea was at last clear to him, he would sit poring over the maps of those days, and studying the reports of sailors from every port. What was there beyond the Azores? Was the earth a globe, and was there, perchance, another country far, far away on the other side? Would it be possible to sail around this globe — could that land be found?

Then he put to work his knowledge of astronomy, estimated from the sun's speed on its journey across the heavens what must be the size of this earth, if indeed

it should be proved that its shape was that of a sphere. All this study and discovery, all these estimations with their seeming proofs, which our self-taught philosopher was able to bring before his hearers, began to attract the attention of thoughtful men.

Of course, there were many ignorant, unthinking people, who jeered at Columbus and called him a fool. Such men as he, to whom any revelation has been granted, are apt to be called fools by the common people; and human nature was just as ignorant, and just as jealous and skeptical then as it is now. But Columbus had grasped a truth; and all the ignorance in the world could not take it from him.

Now, Columbus was a poor sea-captain, without money and without influential friends. Still, spurred on by his own absolute confidence in his schemes, he went to the King of Portugal, laid his plans before him, and asked for money and a fleet with which to set forth upon a voyage of discovery.

The king listened to his plans as he would have

listened to those of an insane man, with wonder and amusement. When Columbus had finished, the king bowed him politely from the audience-room, with a smile half of scorn, half of pity, saying to himself, "He is a half-crazed creature. Quite probably the hot sun of the tropics has turned his head."

But there was something in the courteous, dignified bearing of Columbus that had impressed the king more than he would have been willing to acknowledge. The plans that Columbus had presented would not be shut out from his thoughts. "If they are true," said he to himself, "what a glory it would be to me, as King of Portugal, to aid him in this scheme!"

Day after day, the king turned over and over in his mind the possibilities Columbus had presented to him. At last, calling to him a certain well-known Portuguese sea-captain, he told him of Columbus, aided him in gaining all the additional knowledge possible, and then, with what the king had already learned from Columbus, he gave the captain instructions to push on in the track

which Columbus had marked out, and reach, if possible, the new land; or, if there were no new land, to sail on and on to the Asiatic coast.

A fleet was fitted out, and the captain sailed away — sailed away to *steal* Columbus' glory from him. You will be glad to hear that the captain lost his way, that a terrible tempest arose, and the sailors set up such a clamor that the captain was compelled to return to port and report to the king that his treacherous scheme has failed entirely.

When Columbus was informed of this meanness of Portugal's king, he was bitterly disappointed that the royal court, on whom he had been taught to look with reverence, could stoop to so contemptible an act.

“I will go to the Genoese government,” said he, “perhaps there may be help there.”

“Who is this Christopher Columbus,” said the Genoese Court, “that he comes to us?”

“He is one of our Genoese sailors,” was the answer. “The son of Dominico Columbus, the wool-comber.”

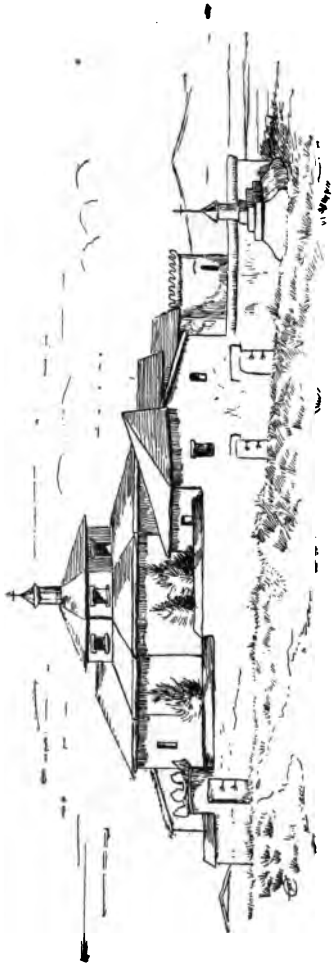
“The son of a wool-comber!” cried the Court, shocked that one from so common a family should dare urge a claim at the grand Genoese Court.

Columbus was now in deep poverty. He had hardly money enough to keep himself and his little son Diego from starvation.

“We must go,” said he, taking the little fellow up in his arms, “to the King of France. Do you think, my little man, you can travel with me to Spain, to the village where our uncle lives? And can you live there in thine uncle’s house, while I, thy father, travel on into the country of France?”

What Diego’s reply was we do not know. But, as he was a brave little fellow, and had great faith in his quiet, gentlemanly father, we have no doubt it was a brave answer; and who knows but it may have encouraged the disappointed man more than he knew?

At any rate, Columbus and Diego set forth to seek the king and queen. They sailed from Genoa to Palos, and then began their long journey to the royal camp.



CONVENT LA RABIDI.

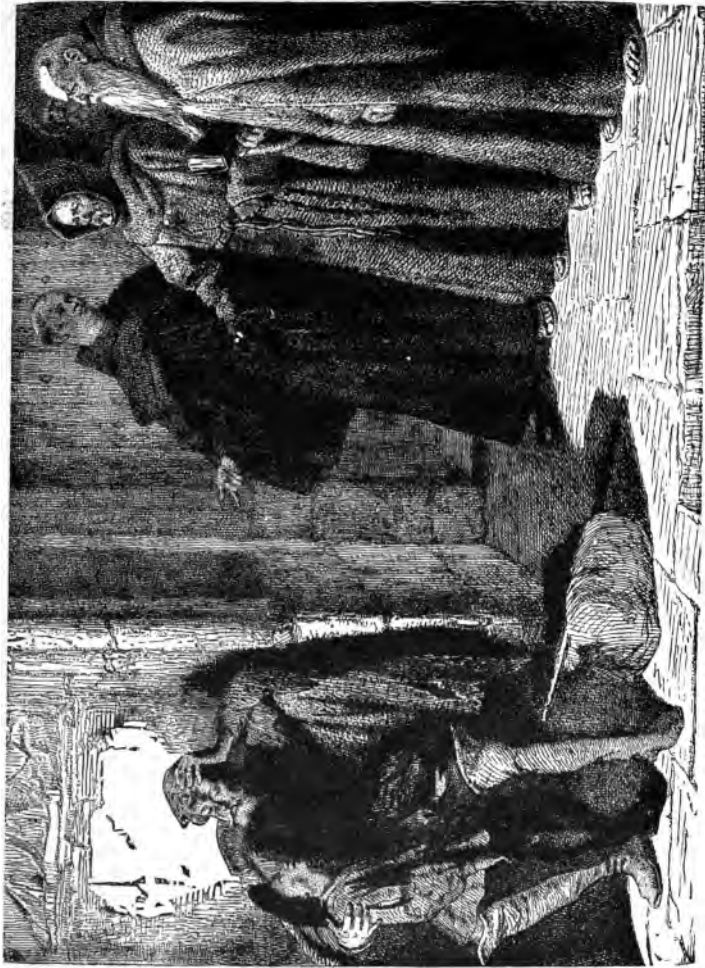
ANTONIO OF MARCHENA.

It was a long, long journey. The way was rough and dusty, and more than once both father and son sank by the roadside, tired and hungry.

“Only one town farther on,” said Columbus one day at noon-time. “And see, there to our right stands a stone convent. We will stop there and rest.”

Diego was hungry, and O so thirsty. His tired little legs were growing rather heavy, and but for the brave little heart, determined to share his father’s hardships, the tears, I fear, would have gone rolling down his cheeks.

Knocking at the great gateway of the convent, La Rabidi, Columbus asked for a cup of water and a slice of bread for his child. It chanced that the prior was just then coming to the gate; and when he noted the courteous manners, the dignified carriage, and the intellectual face of the stranger, he knew that it was no ordinary beggar who asked for help.



COLUMBUS AND HIS LITTLE SON AT THE CONVENT GATE.

“Come in, good friend,” said he, “and rest. The little one looks tired and hungry.”

Columbus gladly entered; and, as we might well suppose, knowing how full Columbus' heart was of his plans, it was not long before the two men were in earnest conversation.

“You are not a Spaniard, Señor?” said the monk respectfully.

“No, father,” answered Columbus, “I am a Genoese. My name is Christofore Columbo; or, as in your language you would say, Cristoval Colon.”

“Cristoval Colon!” exclaimed the monk. “Often, then, have I heard of you. The sailors of our coast speak often of you. The stories of your brave voyages are well known by us here. And I have heard your name mentioned at Court as well.”

“Your courtesy exaggerates my fame,” answered Columbus modestly.

“And you are to make a long journey?” asked the monk, now interested indeed in his guest.

“Yes,” answered Columbus, hesitating, yet longing to speak with the generous monk of this hope so in his thought and in his heart. “But we are near its end. We go only to the next town, where dwells a friend a relative of mine, Pedro Muliar.”

“Pedro Muliar!” exclaimed the monk. “Indeed, I know him well. But I fear you will not find him. If I mistake not, he has but lately started upon a voyage.”

Columbus looked troubled. “Diego, child, what shall I do with thee if our friend is gone? It is far too long a journey for thee to accompany me to France.”

“But I can go!” cried the little fellow. “Take me as thy page. Surely I can serve thee on the journey.”

“Not that, my son,” said Columbus sadly. “But my wallet — alas! — it holds but scanty money for the journey. I fear I should hardly reach the sovereign of France if two of us depended upon it.”

“Do not leave Spain,” said the monk. “Never had Spain greater need of noble, daring men than now.

Our good sovereigns, Isabella and Ferdinand, can ill afford to have such men as you go forth from our country."

Columbus looked earnestly into the monk's face. Then with a slow, dignified manner he spoke :

"The sovereigns of Spain," said he, "have no more loyal or more faithful subject in all their kingdom than I. To the generous Queen Isabella am I indebted for great favors and courteous treatment. But it is now six long years that I have pleaded at our sovereigns' court for nothing less than this: That they give me permission and authority to put into their hands the wealth of Asia and bring under their dominion those lands now strangers to civilization and Christianity. Yet their Highnesses will hear me not. The cares and anxiety of the war with the Moors; the plottings of the government of Portugal — these things, so they tell me, take all their time, their money, their attention. My suit has been year after year rejected.

“Now the camps are pitched before Granada and I have no farther hope. It is for this reason that I go now to the king of France to plead my cause—the world’s cause; for I have heard, and with good authority, that the French king will gladly give me audience.”

“I have heard of these things,” said the monk gravely; “but I had supposed your suit before the king and queen had prospered. For many years I have been her Highness’s confessor.”

“Antonio of Marchena!” exclaimed Columbus. “I am then doubly fortunate in coming here. Often have I heard your name in court; often have I been told to come to you for help and influence; but year by year more friends and influential ones were added to me, year by year my plans became better understood, and I felt sure of their acceptance before the king and queen.

“But now, good Father, I am growing old. Not many years are left to me; and it is God’s will that I find this far-off land and open up the way to it to the

people that the true religion of our God be carried to them. If I wait longer in Spain, it may be too late.

It is right, I feel, that I hasten to another land and seek for help in carrying out this great work that has been given me, and me alone to do."

The monk was moved by the earnest words of his guest.

"Fourteen years," continued Columbus, "did I spend at the Court of Portugal. My charts and plans were taken from me. 'We will study them,' said they. But they stole them from me; and with the knowledge gained from them, they sent out an expedition to steal from me the honor and gain of the great discoveries I know await me. But their treachery was punished; their vessels were driven back by storm — wrecked — into the harbor from which they had set forth. Then came I to Spain. And, as I have told you, six more years have passed away. And in all this time not a dozen men have I found who could believe or understand me, much less give me substantial aid to go forth upon the sea."

“But you will tarry with me until the morning,” said the monk. “The boy Diego needs rest; and I myself would be honored if, when evening comes, you would tell me of your plans. It may be, even now, that I can aid you.”



GENOA

COLUMBUS AND ANTONIO.

Now, in those days, knowledge was confined to a few people, who had given up their lives to study, and had gone away from the world into convents, where they might have the use of books, and might be taught by the few teachers of the day.

**THE PRIOR.**

The prior was one of these educated, thinking men; and so, as Columbus unfolded his plans to

him, setting forth his scientific reasons for the hope he had, the monk was able to follow him intelligently. Indeed, so convinced was he that Columbus was right, that he promised to use whatever influence he had in the church as a monk, and in the court as a man of learning, to aid Columbus in carrying out his project.

Night after night, the lamp from Antonio's little window shone far into the late hours — or perhaps, we might say, into the early hours of the morning. Then the two men, and often with them other thoughtful men, friends of Antonio, would sit poring over charts and maps, Columbus always eagerly explaining to them his plans, setting forth his themes, and infusing them one and all with his own hopes of success and glory.

“This chart I made while I was in Genoa,” Columbus would say; “this one I drew up before Queen Isabella; this one was sent me by a learned friend while at the Court of Portugal.

“On this chart of my friend's he has drawn the

world as it was known to the ancients. I trust you will excuse my presumption, for changing the work of so learned a man ; but from my studies and experiments, I have become convinced that the farthest eastern coast of Asia reaches far nearer to our own country than we yet dream of.

“ Here, some three thousand miles out west from Portugal, you will see I have roughly drawn a large island, which we will call Cipango. I place this here to mark the unknown land we shall reach by sailing west.”

Such a strange map as this was ! About half-way between the European coast and this “ maybe ” island was another spot marked the “ Island of Seven Cities ; ” the space which is now known to be occupied by North America, was filled in with many little islands all clustered together ; Java and Celebes were just upon the site of what we now know to be South America ; the continent of Asia extended away across the Pacific ; and as to Africa — that for most part was marked “ the unknown sea.”

How these thoughtful men studied the maps! How they listened to Columbus' explanations of the shape and movements of the sun and the planets and the probable shape and movements of the earth!

“If these distances upon your maps are correct,” the monk would say, “there can be no doubt that the shortest route to the Indies, the Golden Indies, would be, as you say, straight out across the waters to the west. Still, I have heard it said, and by men who have thought deeply, that far away towards the west, this ocean slopes down and down, and that no ship having reached the level limits may ever hope to return.”

“And do you not fear,” said another, “that zone of calms, which is said to lie far out to the west, where ships might lie, as if at anchor, for centuries and centuries?”

“My friends,” Columbus would say gravely, “if once I am satisfied that there is land beyond, all else seems of little account. There can be no navigating in unknown seas without some peril. As to the zone of

calms — there may be such far to the south, where the heat is intense. When I myself sailed to the south, to the coast of Guinea, we found the air grow lighter and lighter ; but if I mistake not, this land I seek lies directly to the west.

“ For thirty years have I followed the sea ; wherever ship has ever sailed, I have been. Much traveling on the sea makes, you know, a man thoughtful — it makes him ponder upon the wonders of the sky, the secrets of the ocean. I have sailed north, and I have sailed south — to the farthest known limits in either direction ; sailors from all countries have I seen and conversed with ; and never have I found a sailor, who did show me even one good reason for thinking there may not be lands straight to the westward, far out across the ocean whose waters we see as far as eye can reach.

“ Indeed, some have told me of strange things seen far to the westward, when driven out of their course by storm, they have found themselves far beyond their known reckonings. One sailor even told me of being

driven so far out from Ireland, that he saw a western land, stretching as far as eye could measure north and south. And have we not in the writings of the ancients frequent reference to a western land, which they speak of as the land of Atlantis? And who of us can know but this Atlantis may have been the far eastern coast of Asia, which as yet, no European hath reached across the ocean?"

And so, day after day, Columbus and the prior pored over the convent books and maps, discussing whether the earth was a globe or merely a flat expanse; whether by sailing around it Asia would be reached; or whether somewhere, far out at sea, might there be a great unknown continent as large, perhaps, as the one already known.

**COLUMBUS GOES TO FERDINAND AND ISABELLA AT
THE SPANISH CAMP.**

“Leave the little Diego here,” said the prior, “and with letters of introduction, which I will gladly give you, make your way to the camp at Cordova, where you will find Ferdinand and Isabella. I can not but think they will see the grandeur of your scheme, and will help you.”

Rested, and better still, cheered by this good man’s helpful words, Columbus set forth. It was a marvelous military display that Columbus entered upon at Cordova.

All the chivalry of Spain, gleaming and glittering in rich armor, was there; the horses resplendent in their gorgeous mountings, the bright banners, the waving plumes, the grand, martial music—all these made the scene one of rare beauty.

But Columbus hardly saw all this, felt no inspiration to join this mighty throng, no pride that Spain was so grand and powerful. He had a larger motive than



COLLEGE AT THE POINT

that of going forth to kill his fellowmen. This inspiration had come from truth, and he had a work to do that should benefit the world.

Isabella's chaplain, to whom the prior had written a letter introducing and recommending Columbus, received Columbus with a coldness that might well have chilled the ardor in a man with a less important cause to present than Columbus had.

“Even a slight degree of intelligence and sense of time and fitness of opportunity,” said he, “might teach you that it would be but an intrusion to present any plan, however great and probable, to say nothing of this absurd scheme of yours, to our sovereigns, oppressed as they are now with the cares of war.”

But as has always been the case when the cause was great enough to swallow up self, Columbus persevered, regardless of the chaplain's scorn and refusal to acquaint the king and queen of his desires.

He lingered about the camp, earning what little he could from day to day, by designing charts and maps,

telling his plans to any one intelligent enough to listen, hoping, yes, determined that in some way, sooner or later, he would gain an audience with the queen.

Of course, like every man or woman, then and now, who catches the glimmer of a light before it reaches the dull eyes of the world, Columbus was jeered at and called a fool, an adventurer, a lunatic — a crank, as we say to-day. But now and then he found a listener who could understand him, and who helped him with sympathy and understanding, though they had no money and no ships for him.

At last, report of Columbus' plan reached the ears of the grand Cardinal of Spain. This man had so much influence with the king and queen that he was often called the third king.

He sought Columbus out that he might for himself hear what the stranger had to tell. Columbus, full of faith in his theory, told his story with enthusiasm, and with simple eloquence.

“This man is no fool,” said the Cardinal. “He is

a thinker ; he is educated ; and he is not, as I have been told, a half-crazed dreamer. His plans seem plausible ; he knows whereof he speaks. The king and queen should receive him. There is more in his theory than idle fools can see.”

It was, therefore, through the cardinal that Columbus did at last obtain a hearing with the Spanish sovereigns. Again did Columbus, with outspread maps and astronomical charts, repeat his story. Not one point or question but he could meet with reasonable reply.

The king, a cool, philosophical man, listened critically, carefully questioning and weighing every point. His ambition was excited. “ If this man’s story is true,” said he, “ think what glory, what wealth, what power will be added to Spain through his possible explorations and discoveries ! ”

But Ferdinand was a cautious man. “ I will call a council,” said he, “ of Spain’s wisest men ; and they shall hear the story of this man Columbus, and they shall decide what shall be done.”



COLUMBUS BEFORE THE "WISE MEN."

Columbus now rejoiced. The Cardinal and the king believed him. Certainly the council would believe him too.

These "wisest men of Spain" met Columbus, who, more and more filled with enthusiasm with each recital, more certain than ever of the truth of his enterprise, repeated his story with the eloquence that is born of inspiration. It would seem to us to-day that a very child might understand.

But alas for Columbus! these wisest men proved his bitterest foes. "The theory of this man," said they, "is absurd. Any one of common sense might know this earth is flat. Suppose, for an instant, it were round like a globe. Let us see what must follow. Why, if there were people on the under side, then they must be walking with their feet up and their heads down. The trees must be growing with their branches down and their roots up. When it rains it must rain upwards. Everything must be upside down, even if the people and the animals and the houses could stay upon

the earth. But we know, moreover, that they would fall — down, down, down, we know not where. Our noble king is far too sensible to be imposed upon by this half-crazy wool-comber.”

To all these arguments, if such foolish words can be called arguments, Columbus answered clearly and simply. But it was lost upon these bigoted men. He was dismissed; and the convention broke up, delighted, no doubt, with the brilliancy of their own logic.

Wherever man
Has sailed the world of waters, there have I.
To the Spanish Archipelagos, the Azores;
To Africa, to Thule; — and I have sought
From sailors, Latins, Greeks, Jews, Moors,
For proof of hindrances to the straight course; —
All these can give not one! And year by year
My hope has grown and strengthened. Now I see
God's finger pointing westward!

— A. CHASE.

COLUMBUS FAVORED BY ISABELLA.

It was a bitter disappointment to Columbus that he had been so unreservedly condemned in this convention of "wisest men." For a time hope seemed dead.

The council, however, had unwittingly done him service, in that it had brought Columbus into public notice, and had set the whole country talking and thinking about him. And in spite of the decision of the council, there sprang up here and there men who dared claim that the council had made a grave mistake.

For more than a year Columbus remained about the Court, still urging his claim whenever he could find a listening ear. Again he was condemned by a council of "wise men." Wars arose, and Columbus was cast aside. "Intrude upon our sovereigns no further," said one of the Court, "until we are free from war, at least."

There seemed, indeed, little prospect of aid from Spain. Seven long years now he had spent begging the

government to aid him in a project which was sure to bring Spain nothing but honor and glory.



COLUMBUS TELLING HIS STORY TO THE MONK.

“I will go again to the convent and see my boy Diego; then I will appeal to the French Court,” said Columbus.

Again, travel-worn and weary, his face now furrowed with care, his hair whitened, his body bent with fast approaching age, Columbus arrived at the convent gate. The good prior received him with hearty welcome.

Again they talked over the belief of possible lands across the sea ; and when Columbus proposed now turning to France for aid, the prior, more convinced than ever as the years rolled on, was aroused. "This glory must not pass out of Spain," said he. "Something must be done. How can the philosophers and the churchmen be so short-sighted?"

Accordingly, he wrote a long letter to Isabella, urging her to consider well Columbus' claim, and to allow no prejudice to blind her to the truth that seemed so clear. Now, this prior was a great friend of Isabella, and was held in high esteem by her.

Isabella, though weighed down with cares, gave heed to the prior's appeal.

"Come to me," wrote she in reply. "I would hear

of this man and of his claims. I feel there is much of truth in them.”



THE PRIOR ON HIS WAY TO ISABELLA.

You may be sure the good prior was not long in setting out upon his journey. Hiring a mule from a

village neighbor, he rode forth from the convent at night-fall. "It is as well," said he, "that every one does not know of our movements; therefore, I will go covered by the darkness; and besides, the long wastes of hot, dry sand will be passed before the sun-rise; and so will my journey be cooler and more comfortable."

Accordingly the affairs of the convent were intrusted to the monk of the next lowest order. Columbus and his son were given into the care of the little band of brothers in the convent.

With all possible haste the monk hurried across the country. Arriving at the royal quarters, he announced himself without loss of time. Summoned to her Majesty's presence, good Antonio was received with joy as an old and trusted friend and faithful counsellor.

With eloquence he set forth his reason for wishing her to listen to the appeal of Columbus. He spoke to her of his dignity, his thoughtfulness, his extensive knowledge; more than that, he appealed to her in the name of the Church to let not this opportunity pass

by for spreading Christianity through this great unknown Asia.

Now, Antonio, in all the years he had been the Queen's confessor, had come to know the characters of both Queen and King. He knew Isabella might be reached through her zeal for the spread of the religion of her country; but that Ferdinand, his eye always open to the chance of gain of wealth, would be far more likely to respond to the arguments of possible riches and glory to come to him, and the power to which Spain would be raised among the nations of Europe should it come about that those great new lands should be added to its dominions.

Indeed, so wisely and so well did he carry himself that both King and Queen commanded that Columbus be at once brought to them. Antonio sent a letter to Columbus, bidding him come at once, and enclosing from the Queen money with which to defray the expenses of the journey from the convent to the royal Court.

And now Columbus forgot the long, long years of waiting ; the discouragements ; the disappointments Surely at last his success was upon him. With all the eagerness of a child, Columbus prepared for his journey, and in a few hours he was far out upon the same, bound for the Court—once more to be received into the presence of Ferdinand of Aragon and Isabella of Castile.

Now, Ferdinand was King of Aragon only ; and Isabella was Queen of Castile in her own right. She had, therefore, her own revenue, her own army, and her own court ; and was able to move in this matter, as in any other, freely and independently of Ferdinand.

“I have never given this much thought,” said she. “The Council met with Ferdinand the King, and, busy with other matters, I inquired little of this. But it interests me. It impresses me. You will send Columbus to me at once.”

Once more the star of hope seemed to have arisen. Presenting himself before the Queen, not as a beggar,



COLUMBUS APPEALS TO ISABELLA.

but as one who offered her a golden opportunity, he said, "I ask only a few ships and a few sailors with which to travel westward over the now unknown ocean. I will thus find for your majesty a new and shorter route to India, and will open to you an unknown land, the wealth and power of which no man can estimate. In return, I ask only that I may be made Viceroy of what I may discover, and that I be granted one-tenth of the wealth that I may bring to Spain."

"What audacity!" cried the courtiers. "To make terms with the Queen! A mere beggarly sea-captain! A common wool-comber!"

Influenced by these courtiers, the queen summoned Columbus again to her, offering to aid him if he would make his own demands less extravagant.

But Columbus would not yield, "I go not as a hireling," said he with pride.

Isabella was annoyed. She was willing to assist him; more than that, she desired to assist him; but to be dictated to as to her terms, was something new to her

queenship; and Columbus was dismissed with a great show of freezing dignity.

Now, indeed, Columbus' last hope of aid from Spain was dead. Sadly he remounted his mule and started upon his journey back to the convent.

“I am not content to have dismissed this man Columbus,” said she to Ferdinand. “The character of his mind, the grandeur of his schemes, his education, and his fine breeding, tell me he is no common adventurer. And if his story should be true, and some other country should aid him, what disgrace would be reflected upon us, and what a loss would it be to our country.”

“But war has cost us so much,” said Ferdinand.

“Still, something tells me it should be done. Yes and it shall be done. I will pledge my jewels to raise the funds!” cried Isabella, moved by a sudden impulse. And, calling a servant, a courier was sent with all speed to overtake Columbus and bring him again to the queen.

Now, these words of Isabella sound very heroic and

self-sacrificing. They have made a pretty little speech to pass down in history by the admirers of this queen.

But I am afraid we must admit that while they were genuine in their impulse, they were not so genuine in the spirit of sacrifice; for when we read that in the recent war Isabella had filled her coffers to overflowing, by her almost perfidious conduct towards the Moors of Malaga, we must acknowledge that there was little call for her to sacrifice her jewels. Still let us respect her impulse, and remember that, if she had not moved perhaps no one else would have, and Columbus, already old and broken, might have died, and so the result of his thought have been lost.

Columbus with bowed head and heavy heart, was toiling across the sands, only a few miles advanced on his journey. Deep in thought as he was, the clattering of the hoofs of the courier's horse did not reach him until he heard, "Columbus! Columbus! In the name of the Queen I command you to return to the Court!"

For a moment Columbus hesitated. So long had he

waited, so often had he been repulsed, he had little now but distrust of both Spanish sovereigns. Assured by the courier, however, that the queen was really in earnest now, he turned back, half in hope, half in doubt.

But when Isabella came to a decision she was quick to act. She at once summoned Columbus to her presence, and told him that she readily assented to all his demands, and that a fleet should at once be fitted out.

“ Darkness will flee away
 Only endure ;
 Sunlight will come again
 Fadeless and pure.
 List to the sea-waves’ song
 Laving the shore,
 Weary one, waiting one,
 Hope evermore.

Storm-beat and tempest-tossed
 Succor is near ;
 Thou’lt win the goal at last,
 O never fear !
 List to the sea-waves’ song,
 Laving the shore,—
 Weary one, striving one,
 Hope evermore ! ”

GETTING THE FLEET READY.

Again Columbus, the monk, and their friends are together in the monk's little cell in the convent, poring as before, over papers spread out upon the table; but such different papers!

The little dingy maps are pushed aside; and in their stead lay the great parchments of the king and queen, with the royal seals shining out, fresh and new, upon them.

"The contents of these royal papers," said the monk, "should be published in the village at once.

"And would it not be the best and surest way," continued he, "to have the curate at the village church give notice that all shall gather to hear read certain summonses from their Majesties the king and queen."

"I fear there will be trouble among these wooden-headed villagers," said one of the company, shaking his head ruefully.

"I fear nothing," answered Columbus, hopefully,

“since at last the king and queen have authorized the undertaking. Though there be delay even, it can be but for a time. I would be glad, though, if the crew might be a willing one. An unwilling crew is hard to handle when once they lose sight of land.”

Accordingly notice was given to the village notary; and on the appointed day, the little church was crowded with the village folk, and with sailors and fishermen all eager, some anxious, to hear what the royal summons might be. Among them were the Pinzons, the wealthiest and most influential family in the village — a family, of which, by-and-by, we are to hear no little in this story of Columbus.

Columbus and Antonio entered the church. The service was devoutly intoned by priest and people. And now, the religious services being over, the curate announced that the notary would read the commands from their Majesties to the loyal subjects of Palos.

A stillness like death fell upon the people. Columbus stepped forward. From his velvet doublet he

drew forth the royal parchment and, bowing reverently over the royal signatures as he unrolled it, he passed it to the notary.

The notary, as was the custom, called together all the village authorities to witness, there upon the parchment, as proof of the truth of what he should read, the royal signatures, pressed in colored wax. In a high voice, the people staring, breathless, he read as follows :

“ DON Ferdinand and Dona Isabella, by the Grace of God King and Queen of Castile, of Leon, of Aragon, of Sicily, of Granada, of Toledo, of Valencia, of Galicia, of the Balearic Isles, of Seville, of Sardinia, of Cordova, of Corsica, of Murcia, of Jaen, of the Algarves, of Algecira, of Gibraltar, and of the Canary Islands ; Counts of Barcelona ; Dukes of Athens and of Neopatria ; Counts of Rousillon and of Cerdania ; Marquises of Oristan and of Gociano ;

“ To you, Diego Rodriguez Prieto, and to all other persons, your friends and neighbors of the town of Palos, and to each one of you, health and happiness !

“ Well do you know that for certain acts done and committed by you all in disobedience of Our commands, you were condemned by Our Council to serve Us for twelve months with two vessels, armed at your own cost and expense, whenever and

wherever you should be by Us commanded, upon certain penalties, as is set forth more at length in the before-mentioned sentence which was rendered against you.

“And now,” the notary continued, having taken time to breathe, “inasmuch as We have commanded Cristoval Colon that he should go with a fleet of three ships to certain parts of the Ocean Sea upon sundry affairs which relate to Our service, and We desire that he take with him the two vessels with which you are bound, in the said manner, to serve Us, We therefore order you that within the ten days first following the day on which you are summoned by this Letter, without making any petition to Us, or consulting with Us, or waiting for anything, or needing any further Letter from Us about the matter, you have equipped and put in order the said two armed vessels, as you are bound to do in virtue of the said sentence, ready to sail with the said Cristoval Colon wherever We may order him to go.”

Loud murmurs arose among the people. Protests were heard on every side. The men growled and cursed. The women, excited, scolded and threatened.

“Silence!” thundered the notary. “We are here to listen to their Highnesses’ commands like loyal subjects. Let no man dare censure them.

“And upon the completion of the said period,” he resumed

reading, “you shall depart with him and thenceforth sail with him wherever and whenever he, on Our part, shall say and direct. And We have ordered him to advance to you, for those of you who go upon the said cruise, four months’ wages at the rates which are paid to the sailors from other ports who are also to go with him in your two ships and in the third ship which We order him to take ; which wages are to be the same as are paid along your coast to men who go to sea in armed vessels. And, having thus set out, you are to follow the course which he, on Our behalf, shall lay down for you, and you are to obey his commands and follow his orders and directions.

“ And when you shall bring a certificate signed by the said Captain that he is satisfied with your service with the said two armed vessels, We shall consider you to be freed from the said penalty which by the sentence of Our Council was imposed upon you, and from now until that time and from that time until now We shall consider that We have been well and fully served by you in the matter of the said vessels for the whole time and in the manner demanded of you by Our said Council.”

And now the hum of voices burst out again — but this time less indignantly. The sound of “wages in advance” had produced some change of sentiment, though very little, and with mutterings under breath, the people passed out from the church.

THE TROUBLE INCREASES.

Hardly twenty-four hours had passed by when it became clear enough that resistance, stubborn and unyielding, would arise against the commands of the King and Queen.

On every side were muttering and growling. Not only among the people did Columbus find trouble in carrying out his plans, but among the magistrates themselves, did he meet with that stubborn inactivity and stolidity, that, while it cannot be seized upon and punished as out-and-out rebellion, is no less exasperating and defying.

The owners of vessels all claimed that their vessels were too old, or too much out of repair to go out upon the ocean ; the pilots, captains, sailors, each and all had ready excuses for not being themselves able to set forth ; and the magistrates, though not daring open rebellion, were accepting the most flimsy excuses, and granting releases from service from all who applied ; moreover,

they had permitted to sail out from the harbor all the largest and strongest vessels.

Meantime Columbus was busy at work, watching the movements and learning all about the ships of Palos, and making the acquaintance of all the reliable captains and pilots in the village. Up and down the coast of Palos and the adjoining villages he went, trying to enlist the people in the undertaking. But it grew very evident that ten days would pass long before the royal decrees would be carried out.

At last to the Pinzons he went. The three brothers, Martin Alonzo, Vicente Yanez, and Francisco Martin, were by far the most influential men in the village. To these men, intelligent as they were, Columbus made no secret of his intended voyage. He laid his plan before them, explained to them his hopes of success, and invited them to join him in his undertaking.

The Pinzons were known far and wide to be bold and daring navigators, and more than that, very successful navigators, and were consequently popular among

those who had sailed with them, and among the people of the village.

The ten days were up. Nothing was ready. More than once ship owners had flatly refused to let their ships go out on any such "fool's quest" as that of this Genoese Columbus.

Finding all efforts useless, Columbus dispatched a messenger to their Majesties, laying before them the exact condition of affairs in Palos. At the same time he took Martin Pinzon into his entire confidence, explained to him fully his grounds for expecting to find Asia by sailing directly west, offered to give the brothers a share in the profits of the undertaking, besides their liberal salaries, and a commission on all pilots, captains and sailors that they should prevail upon to willingly accompany them.

"If you can help me," Columbus said, "it will be well for us all. You will bring wealth and fame to the Pinzon family, and you will save me the use of force in fitting out my expedition."

To Martin Pinzon especially, all this was very alluring. Like all intelligent and thoughtful sea-faring men at this time, he had listened with interest to the vague rumors of land across the ocean, and as he himself had sailed far out, he had often looked and wondered what might be away out there to the west where no ship had ever sailed. More than this, the prospect of riches, of silver and gold, of spices and pearls, appealed to his love of wealth and power.

For some days the Pinzons talked the matter over ; and at last Martin Pinzon came to Columbus, offering the service of himself and his brothers, providing they could agree upon terms.

Not a day too soon did they come to this decision ; for on the next morning there appeared in the village a horseman who inquired for Señor Columbus, the commander of the fleet, which at their Majesties' command was being fitted out at Palos.

The new-comer had an air of authority about him, giving the magistrates an uncomfortable feeling of fear.

“He may be a messenger from the King,” whispered they.

And it was not long before they found their worst fears wholly realized.

With Columbus and Pinzon, later in the day he appeared before the chief and inquired of him what had been done.

The chief was ready with excuses — such excellent excuses, so they thought; but, behold, they moved not the stern messenger. In a few brief, telling sentences he gave the magistrates to understand that their behavior was well known to their Majesties, and that were not their commands obeyed at once, little time would ensue between certain threats and the execution of those threats by the royal authority.

The magistrates understood — moreover, they knew that they were understood, and that further parleying would be dangerous. The Pinzons, too, came forward now and declared their intention of sailing with Columbus, and urged their fellow-seamen to join them.

After this, Columbus had far less trouble. The magistrates now fully realized that he had the royal authority back of him and dared no longer refuse to co-operate with him. The ship owners, too, permitted, though grumblingly, their vessels to be examined as to fitness for the expedition.

At length three vessels were chosen — the “Pinta,” the “Niña,” and the “Santa Maria.”

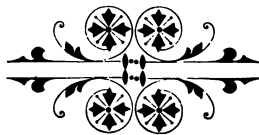
These vessels were now put through a careful examination and were carefully repaired, and made in every way sound and safe. They were brought up on to the river-bank and thoroughly cleaned, calked, and talloed. Rigging and sails were overhauled and made strong and secure. Provisions and supplies for a year's voyage were stored away, and finally a strong crew was selected. Landsmen for riggers, carpenters, calkers, and soldiers for possible emergencies, were added to the number, and at last, near the end of July, the expedition was ready to set out.

As the day for sailing drew near the excitement in

the little town rose higher and higher. Many who had willingly agreed to go, now began to draw back; some ran away and hid. Columbus himself caught the calkers leaving long seams in the ship open that they might have to turn back when a little way out to sea, and seek the port for repairs.

Early and late, in these last days, did Columbus work,— punishing the evil-disposed and encouraging the faint-hearted. Finally, on the second of August, Columbus announced himself ready to sail.

“I have,” wrote he to their majesties, “three vessels very suitable for the intended service, well furnished with a great plenty of supplies of all kinds, and manned with a large force of sea-going folk.”



THE VOYAGE.
AUGUST 3, 1492.



SANTA MARIA, NINA, AND PINTA.

Very early on the morning of August 3, the little fleet set out from the harbor. The light mists of very early morning were still hanging over the waters, as the vessels passed into the channel. It was broad day-light when the fleet, reaching the bar, bounded out into the ocean waters of the broad Atlantic.



THE DEPARTURE OF COLUMBUS.

And now the land breeze, which had died away, as the sun rose higher and higher, was succeeded by a fresh strong breeze from the open sea.

The ships plunged forth through the rollers on the shallow bar, the sails filled, and the three ships were headed due south to clear the Spanish coast, then lay direct from the distant Canary Islands.

Now, Columbus was too old, and too experienced a sailor not to know of the possibilities for mutiny among sailors such as he had been obliged to take with him. Little confidence had he in them. Too many, he knew well enough, had come merely from hope of plunder in the lands which they should discover; others had come, driven by fear of the royal threats. Very few, if any, came willingly, and with honorable intentions to be loyal to their commander.

Knowing all his, Columbus had arranged with Martin Pinzon to divide the doubtful sailors in such a manner, that all might be under strong control.

He himself took command of the Santa Maria, on

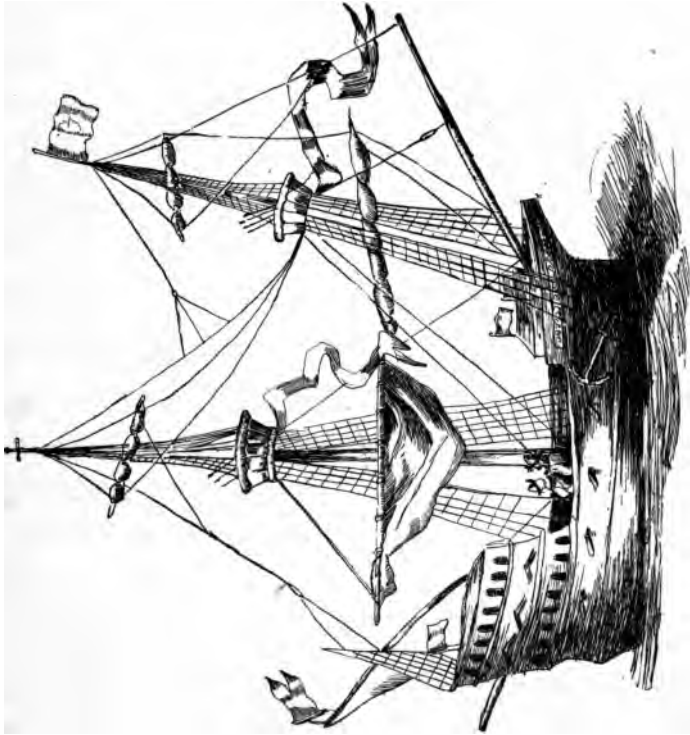
which were a large number of the grumbling discontented sailors. With him, too, he carried the officers of the Crown.

In command of the *Pinta*, he placed Martin Alonzo, with his brother Francisco as officer next in power. With these, he placed two especially troublesome fellows, Rascon and Quintero, the owners of the vessel, and bade the Pinzons watch them closely.

The other Pinzon commanded the *Niña*; and, it is a pleasure to note just here, that the “*Niña*” (“little girl,”) gave Columbus neither anxiety nor trouble during the voyage; and was in an hour of danger, the means of saving him, and all the crew on the flag-ship, *Santa Maria*.

The fresh strong breeze of the morning held good all day, and at sun-down the vessels had sailed so far south, that Columbus, signaling his companion vessels, turned his course south-west and stood straight for the Canary Islands.

The next day, and the next, found the fleet holding



THE SANTA MARIA.

steadily to its way, and making its five or six miles an hour.

Surely, such days as these at the very outset were indeed, an earnest of success.

Columbus was full of hope and cheer, and encouraged his officers one and all to reason away the foolish dread and doubt, and superstitious fear in the hearts of so many of the sailors.

On the next day, the wind was stronger still. Suddenly the Pinta hoisted the signal of distress.

“The rudder is lost!” called Martin Pinzon to Columbus, as the Santa Maria drew near. “But we can soon remedy that! We can rig up some sort of a makeshift.”

“’T is well Martin Alonzo is on board the ship,” Columbus said to his aides, as they watched the smaller craft tossing and pitching a cable’s length away. “I greatly doubt if her rascally owners did not aid the waves in their work of wrecking the rudder there. They are mutinous dogs at best, and gave me many a

ruffle ere we sailed. Had they their own way, I warrant, they would find in this early mischance a good excuse for putting back to Spain.”

Martin Alonzo found it no easy matter to build a “make-shift” for a rudder; but he was a man of will and of resources as well. Before night, he signaled Columbus, that all was well, and the vessels sailed along again.

The next morning, however, the rudder again was found broken, and a day or two later, the vessel sprang a leak. There was no doubt now, but that the two men who owned the vessel were at the bottom of all this. Nothing could be done, but to keep sharp watch upon them, and proceed cautiously till the Canaries should be reached. There the vessel was over-hauled, and thoroughly repaired, and the crew changed about. After that all went well, the Pinta proving to be the best sailing vessel of the three.

On the following Sunday there was seen looming up in the far distance, a blaze of fire.

“It’s an angry sea-god!” cried some of the sailors.

“We shall be burned alive! We are reaching the land of fire!” cried others.



THE BURNING MOUNTAIN.

“Fools!” sneered others, who in previous voyages had seen such volumes of fire before. “It is only a volcano; a burning mountain!”

As they drew nearer, the frightened sailors, who had never seen such a sight before, now perceiving that the fire did indeed issue forth from a mountain, as

their fellow-sailors had said, grew calm again. This incident had a good affect upon the ignorant ones among the crew, for it showed them that one, at least, of the dreaded horrors of the ocean had proven after all a mere nothing.

This volcano was the Peak of Teneriffe, on that island called the "Great Canary."

Another help, too, came both to Columbus and his sailors in this: that at the Canaries, where the fleet waited to repair the Pinta, the natives were full of accounts of a great land away out to the west, which on very clear days, could be easily seen from the mountain-tops. Hearing these repeated accounts, the sailors took courage, and when the little fleet was ready to set sail again, the crew were in high spirits, brave and full of courage.

But no sooner were they ready to set sail, than word came that three Portuguese vessels were cruising about some seventy miles to the west.

"Spain and Portugal are at peace," said Colum-

bus, "and there can be but one reason for the presence of three Portuguese vessels in these far off waters. There can be no doubt they are sent out to take us prisoners."

"May God forbid," said Martin Alonzo, "that a fleet of our great monarchs should turn back at the bidding of a Portuguese! We have left our homes to find the coast of Asia; and God helping us, we will!"

"Well said," answered Columbus. "Now let us keep well together and sail to the south of this island. Then will the Portuguese captain have but a sorry report to make to his sovereign, when next they meet."

And away the brave little fleet sped. All that day, and night, and the next day, and next night, Columbus kept anxious outlook; but the Portuguese evidently had not discovered their flight.

And now the winds died away; the waters became smooth. The heat grew more and more intense; the sails flapped idly, not a sound was heard among the

rigging. For three days did this "dead calm" last, the vessels, wholly at the mercy of the waves, rolling and dipping in the glassy water.

The sailors were terror-stricken. "Are we to lie here and die?" asked one. "Are we beyond the reach of the wind?" asked another. "We must be in shallow water near the edge of the earth!" cried another.

"Perhaps we shall be rocked over, down, down into space!" whined another, his knees shaking with fear.

"It is as the people said," groaned another; "no good will come of such a sacrilegious voyage as this."

"May the Father forgive us!" cried another. "He knows we would not have come. His curse will fall upon them that forced us to this."

All this, together with the sullen looks and the angry mutterings, was anything but a help to Columbus, weighed down as he was himself with anxiety.

Glad indeed was he when at last a stiff breeze arose, and again the vessels were speeding along. The sailors were convinced that they were not beyond the reach of the winds, at least.

So the days passed on. One night a meteor shot across the sky, falling with hissing rage into the ocean. Again the superstitious sailors were convulsed with fear. "This surely was a thunderbolt from heaven!"

By-and-by they struck the trade winds. Again the seamen were terrified as the vessels were swept along from east to west.

"Now," said the sailors, "we are in the very centre of the home of the winds. They are angry with us that we have found their home."

With such men as these is it any wonder that Columbus resorted to all sorts of artifices to keep the crew from knowing the great distance they had sailed? Two tables did Columbus keep—one of which was accurate, the other only half-reckoned, with which he could keep the fears of the crew within control.



LOOKING FOR LAND.

LAND! LAND!

For four weeks longer the little fleet held its way to the west.

“Due west,” was the command of Columbus

every hour ; but in spite of this, his pilot and officers, among whom was a strong superstitious fear of the south, at every opportunity would turn the vessel a little to the north. It was in the south that all the terrors lay — the land of winds, the river of fire, the zone of calms, and all the rest.

This trick of his sailors gave Columbus no little uneasiness. If he could only depend upon even one of them for faithfully carrying out his commands ! By this continual piloting of the vessel northward, not only was time being lost, but the course which Columbus felt sure was the direct and right one to follow was being lost and there could be no calculating where the vessels would land. More than that, it showed Columbus how little his crew were in sympathy with him, and how ready they would be at the least opportunity to mutiny.

“ Mark you, my men ! ” he said, going up to them and speaking with sternness ; “ our course lies west and ever west, and thither shall we sail. See you to it that we leave it not again without my orders. I care for

no more of this wandering about, and on your shoulders shall fall the penalty if I am not heeded now.”

Four days out from the Canaries, a great floating log was passed. The sailors looked with terror upon it

“It is a mast!” they whispered to each other.
“A wreck! a wreck!”

Two days later, a new terror seized upon them. The needle — even the needle refused to obey the laws of the compass! The needle no longer pointed to the north! Now all reckoning was lost! nothing now to guide them; sure they were now to be lost!

Now this behavior of the needle was as great a surprise to Columbus, as to his men. Never had he seen or heard of it before. But it disturbed him not in the least. He was thrown into no superstitious fears because of it. “There is,” said he, “some scientific reason for this.” And he set to work patiently and sensibly to study it out.

Closely watching the compass day and night, and comparing its fluctuations with the polar star, he found

that the variation was greatest at night; while in the morning the needle pointed in a true line with the star.

He explained to his pilots and crew, therefore, that the irregularity was due to no change on the part of the compass, but to the fact that the star itself described a tiny circle in the twenty-four hours, the needle thus pointing a little way from it at one hour while at another it was true.

This sounded sensible enough; and once more the fears of his crew were quieted.

From day to day now, new signs of land near at hand began to appear. One day, great masses of grass floated by: grass so fresh and green, that no one could doubt — not even the most ignorant among the sailors — the near approach to land.

Another day, two pelicans alighted on the Santa Maria; another day, a whale went sporting by; one morning a fog-bank was plainly seen away to the north; not a day passed, but little birds flew around among

the rigging, singing merrily, till sunset, then flying away to the southwest.

All these spoke of a speedy ending to their tedious journey; but, with unreasonable perverseness the crew were led, by the very abundance of such hopeful signs and the long succession of perfect weather they were enjoying, to renew their grumbling and fault-finding. They noted that the wind had held steadily favorable to their westerly course until now, when they seemed to be approaching a region of calms.

All the old yarns about ships and their companies floating forever and a day in a region of oily stagnation were accordingly revived.

Constantly by day and by night, the strong easterly breezes had wafted them into this remote and unknown ocean. Now the winds were failing them, and more and more the fleet was becoming becalmed. With no wind to sail with, how should they ever get further to the west? And with nothing but head winds to the eastward, how should they ever make their way

back over that immense expanse to the port from which they had sailed?

Columbus saw in this new outbreak of discontent a real and eminent peril. He was not much more than half-way across the distance that lay between the Canaries and Asia, according to his estimates; and if his men grew mutinous both at the wonders and beauties of Nature, as they seemed inclined to do, he feared they might turn upon him, and either compel him to put about and return to Spain, or at least alter his course and go on an idle search for their fancied islands. In either of these events his grand project would be ruined and his hopes turned into bitter failure.

But just here a fresh, strong breeze came up. The waves began again to roll and tumble. "Never," wrote Columbus in his log-book, "were wind and wave so welcome. The men were convinced that they were not, then, beyond the reach of wind and wave."

A few more days passed by. The sailors grew more and more restless. Columbus' anxiety was intense.

If he could but control them a few hours longer ! Land must be near — of that he was sure.

That very night as the sun dipped down into the waters, and the horizon line lay sharp and clear between the sea and sky, Columbus and his men climbed to the “ castles ” built high up among the rigging.

“ If only a glimpse of shore could be seen to give us courage,” thought Columbus.

The men watched eagerly. The sovereigns of Spain had promised a reward of thirty crowns to the man who should catch the first glimpse of land.

Suddenly there came a shout from the *Pinta* which drew all eyes toward that ship.

“ The prize, Señor Captain, the prize ! ” called out Martin Alonzo. “ To me falls the reward. Yonder is land, due southwest, as the compass shows.”

At first Columbus saw nothing ; but hearing many of the *Pinta*'s crew shouting, and the *Niña*'s men affirming the same from the masthead and yards, to which they had swarmed at the first cry from the *Pinta*, he

watched the horizon still more closely until to his sight, too, there seemed to be a faint, low blot far away to the southwest.

“God’s blessing rest upon you, Martin Alonzo!” called out Columbus, on seeing this. “Yours is our sovereigns’ reward, but to Him be the praise. Let us give Him thanks.”

Then falling on his knees, surrounded by his officers and crew, he solemnly intoned the noble chant “Gloria in Excelsis,” followed by those around him, Martin Alonzo and his brother, Vicente Yanez, setting a like example to the men on the Pinta and the Niña.

What a picture must the three small ships have presented at that moment, as they slowly rolled to the long swell of that lonely ocean! The tropical night closed down upon them, and the soft breath of the trade-wind carried the solemn words of those rough and boisterous men out into the west toward the land they sought!

There was little sleep on board the vesse’s that

night. Hardly could Columbus or the crew wait for morning to dawn, the morning which was to bring to them an end to the long voyage.

The new country! the new people! what would it be like? what would they be like? Not a soul on board, from Columbus to the youngest ship-boy, but was sure the morning was to bring to them the great riches of the east.

“We are,” said Columbus, as darkness settled down upon them, “only about twenty-five leagues from the land.”

With the going down of the sun there rose a stiff breeze to the westward. On, on the little vessels flew in the bright moonlight, nearer the wonderful new land.

At the very first breaking of the day, the sailors climbed to the very highest mast-heads to catch the first glimpse of land. Not a sign of land to be seen. The morning grew lighter; still no land. On all sides lay the great mocking ocean, sparkling and shining as if sparkling and shining were all it had to do.

“We have, perhaps, come too far south,” said Columbus. And he changed the course. All day they sailed. Still no land. Evening came on; even Pinzon himself gave up in disappointment. “It must have been some cloud bank we saw,” said he.

Great as was this disappointment, it did not affect the sailors as unfavorably as Columbus had feared. So many of them had seen that hazy outline in the southwest, that they would not believe themselves mistaken, and the conviction grew up among them that, after all, they would soon reach land.

For another week nothing occurred to break the monotony of the voyage; the winds were favorable and the sea smooth, so they made rapid headway. Now and then some land-bird would alight on the ships, or a pelican swoop down to rest on their yards, and once a flock of little birds settled in the rigging; but otherwise no new sign of land appeared. The sailors amused themselves with snaring the birds and catching fish; but soon the old complaining and grumbling set up again.

And now no birds at all appeared. Columbus himself grew anxious. But one morning a great flock of little land birds alighted on the masts, and he took courage again. Every day, now, new signs of land appeared.

“I feel in my heart,” said Pinzon, “that now indeed, land is close at hand.”

“Have you noticed the birds?” asked Columbus of Pinzon; “and have you thought that though we in this latitude are in the midst of soft summer weather, in the north it must be now — October — growing cold? Has it occurred to you that these flocks of birds are migrating to the south?”

“I have watched these birds,” answered Pinzon, “all day; and I had almost made bold to ask your worship if, by turning our course to the south, in the direction of the flight of the birds, we, too, would not come to some land of warmth and sunshine.”

“A little longer to the west,” answered Columbus thoughtfully. “The land, I still am sure, is in the west.”

“As your worship says,” answered Pinzon; and on the vessels sailed in their old course. Twenty-four hours later Columbus gave his order to the pilots — “Turn the course now to the southwest!”

The sailors, glad of any change, cheered with delight; and when the bows headed away from the setting sun and the fleet stood on the more southerly passage, they forgot their fancied grievances and felt new hopes swell in their hearts.

For several days smooth seas, blue skies, and fair winds still accompanied them, but yet no land appeared. The birds continued to pass overhead by day, and at night could be heard chattering and calling as they swept by in the darkness. Some which alighted on the vessels were found to be plainly field-birds, of a kind which could not possibly find rest on the water. Columbus himself noticed that the grasses and weeds which floated past his ship were singularly fresh and green; the perfume of the forest came wafted out to them, and he felt sure that land was close at hand.

The crew took courage; hope ran high; but again the days passed by, and in this new course they seemed no nearer land than before.

Again the men began to complain. At last the crew of the flag-ship burst out in loud complaint and in open rebellion.

“No longer,” said they, “will we cruise about in this fool-hardy fashion to gratify the dreams of a half-crazed adventurer. Our lives are being sacrificed merely to satisfy the heartless ambition of a fool-hardy sea-captain.”

“Suppose our worthy captain were to fall overboard?” said some of the most reckless and daring of the crew, insinuatingly. “Suppose he were to fall ill and die?” sneered others.

“He might fall overboard to-night,” hoarsely whispered one, “while he is taking the altitude of the Polar Star.”

But only a few of the crew encouraged these extreme measures. “Let us go to him,” said the others,

“and tell him plainly that we do not propose to sail one day farther from our homes. Let us demand that, without delay, we turn back to Spain.”

According, they went to Columbus and stated their wishes, not hesitating to let him know that if he refused, he might expect open rebellion from all on board.

Columbus was a reasonable commander. He appreciated the position and the feeling among the crew. So, going forward to where a group of sailors stood earnestly conversing together, he spoke to them with frankness and kindness.

He showed them his chart, and explained to them just what he wished to do, and just what reasons he had for expecting hourly the appearance of land.

He appealed to the officers to say if he was not right in what he saw to be unfailing signs of the approach to land. Then dwelling largely on the great wealth of the East, sure to be theirs, if only they were brave enough to reach it, he begged them to consider well, if

they were willing, now, with the voyage so near its end, the land so close upon them, to abandon all this, and to return to Palos subject to the sneers and laughter of their comrades.

And then after arguing in this manner with them for their own good, Columbus added now a word on his own account :

“ I am the Captain-General of this fleet and the Ambassador of our royal sovereigns to the courts of Asia, my men. Under their Highnesses’ orders we set out for the Indies across this western sea, and to the Indies we are going, with God’s help and blessing. Look you to it that we have no more of this ; for, grumbling or no grumbling, we are going to find the land we have come so far to seek.” Then, turning on his heel, he walked aft to his cabin.

The men were silenced by this. For a few hours at least, there was a willingness on their part to go on. If it should be as Columbus had said ! If the land with its riches should be so close at hand !

How long this spirit of submission would have lasted, we cannot say. But Columbus hailed it as fortunate enough, that on the very next day unmistakable signs of land appeared.

The land-birds still flew past, always keeping the same direction ; but the sailors had almost ceased to heed them,— they had proven false prophets.

When later in the day, however, the “Santa Maria’s” crew saw a green rush float by their ship, they could not doubt that it had come from shore.

Some leaned over the vessel’s side eagerly searching for other tokens, while more yet kept a keen lookout along the horizon ahead for the first faint looming of the land. Before long the Pinta’s men saw plainly drifting past, almost within their reach, a fresh canestalk and a stick of wood ; and shortly after drew on board, in quick succession, another stalk, a bunch of weeds which could only have grown on dry land, and a bit of plank. This latter, with a second piece of wood which seemed to have been cut with some tool, satisfied

the most timid that they were indeed approaching the shores of an inhabited country.

At last, night came on. Every heart was beating high. Every eye was strained to discover the land so soon to appear before them. Columbus himself, had stationed himself far up among the rigging, that he might discover the faintest trace of land.

Suddenly, afar out towards the western horizon a light flashed. "A light!" called Columbus to his officers. "Do you see a light far out in the west?"

Once, twice, thrice, the light flashed; then nothing more was seen of it. Columbus felt sure that light could come from nothing but the land. Still, little proof had he for the great hope within him.

Hour after hour sped by. Two o'clock came and went. Just then, the moon came out clear and bright from among the heavy clouds, and at the same moment the dull roar of the cannon from the Pinta was heard. This was the agreed signal should land be seen.

Now the Niña and the Santa Maria pressed forward

towards the Pinta to learn the news. But little need had they to ask. There, stretched out before them, not more than two miles away, lay a long line of sand, upon which could be plainly seen the heavy surf dashing in long, broken lines of snowy foam.

“Land! Land!” cried the excited crew. “Land! Land!” echoed from ship to ship.

“It is well the light of the moon burst out upon us,” said Columbus, quietly; “else I fear we are so near the shallow waters, that we may have met with shipwreck.”

Think of it! So near land as to be in danger of reefs and breakers. Even that seemed a happy possibility to the delighted seamen. At least, there was something familiar about that; and it had been so long, O so very long, since anything familiar had been known to them.

“Shorten sails and lie to till day-break!” ordered Columbus. “We must advance slowly and cautiously, as we approach these unknown shores.” Then all the crew

knelt upon the ships' decks, and Columbus humbly gave thanks to God, who had thus prospered this voyage, and had led him to this land across the seas.

Never did morning break so slowly — as least so the sailors thought. But at last, it came — the clear bright morning light.

As the sun rose, throwing its light more and more brightly upon the land, they saw that there lay before them a beautiful, low island, rich in its wealth of tropical foliage. To the weary sailors' eyes it seemed as if there never were such trees, never such green earth, never such a beautiful shore.

Out from the forest thronged the natives, chattering and gesticulating in the wildest manner. The boats were lowered; and Columbus, dressed in robes of scarlet, and with rich Castilian plumes, approached the shore. Such a wealth of flowers down to the very water's edge! In the midst of them, Columbus knelt and gave thanks to God.

His sailors, some of them truly penitent, others



THE LANDING OF COLUMBUS.

cringing in the hope that their cowardice might be forgotten, knelt about him weeping, praying, rejoicing — all full of wild delight that their perils were over, and that in spite of the croakings of the Spanish monks, they were safely on shore once more.

With most imposing ceremony, Columbus took possession of the new land in the name of Spain and gave it the name of San Salvador (Holy Savior). The natives, timidly looking on, with awe-stricken faces, watched every movement of the “people of the sky,” as they believed they were.

By-and-by, finding that their visitors seemed in nowise inclined to do them harm, the natives came forward, bringing fruit and bread, and showing in every possible way, through sign language, their desire to welcome their guests.

All day long the sailors wandered about the island, eating the rich fruit, wondering at the strange homes of the natives, and admiring the grand beauty of the forest. At night all returned to the ships. In the



THE NATIVES SWIM OUT AND BRING GIFTS.

morning, at the first sign of life, a throng of natives plunged into the water and swam to the ships' sides. Kindly they were received, and after a short visit, during which they sharply inspected the "strange white birds" as they called the ships, they swam back, delighted as children with the bits of colored beads that Columbus had given them.

THE SEARCH FOR GOLD.

In a day or two Columbus set out with his boats to make a tour around the island. Everywhere he found the same beautiful foliage, the clear, sparkling waters, the abundant fruits.

In writing the account of this cruise about the island in his journal, he says :

“Some of them offered us water and others food ; while others still, when they perceived we did not intend to go on shore, threw themselves into the sea and swam out to us. We thought they asked us whether we came from heaven, and one old man came into my barge and in a loud voice cried out to the men and women ashore : ‘Come and see the people who have come down from heaven ! bring them something to eat and drink !’

“A great many now appeared, both men and women, each carrying something and giving thanks to God by prostrating themselves on the ground and raising their heads towards the skies. Afterward they

shouted to us that we should go on shore ; but I was afraid to land on account of a great reef of rocks which encircles the island, the entrance through which is very narrow, although there is room enough inside for all the ships in Christendom. To be sure, there are certain shoals inside the reef ; but the sea is as quiet as a pond.

“ It was in order to examine all this that I set out this morning, so that I might give an account of it to your Highnesses, and also to find a good site for a fort if any should be required. I came upon a piece of ground on which were six cabins, which is almost an island, but not quite. This could be turned completely into an island in two days ; but I do not think it necessary, for these people are very ignorant of weapons, as your Majesties can see from the seven of them which I have caused to be seized, that I might carry them with me and teach them our language and then bring them back.

“ Later on your Highnesses can either send out

and remove all these natives to Castile, or hold them captive in the island itself, as may be best; for fifty Spaniards can keep the whole population in subjection and compel them to do whatever is wanted. Close to this little peninsula there are good springs and groves of trees more beautiful than any I have ever seen, and with their leaves as green as the woods of Spain in May and April. After examining that harbor I returned to the ships, and gave orders to make sail.

“So many islands are in sight, that I cannot make up my mind which to visit first. The natives I have brought with me explained by signs that there were so many and so very many that they could not be counted, and they called more than a hundred by name. I have therefore chosen the largest one and decided to go to it; and this I am doing now. It is, perhaps, five leagues distant from San Salvador, and of the others some are nearer and some farther.

“They are all level, without any mountains, and are very fertile. They are likewise inhabited, and the

people on them seem to make war upon their neighbors, although these I have with me are very simple-hearted and magnificent specimens of manhood.”

But Columbus, like his successors in Spanish explorations, was looking for wealth. Rich foliage and sparkling waters were hardly gifts to carry back to Isabella.

One morning there appeared at the water's edge, some beautiful women decked out with bright feathers, and with bright yellow rings of gold in their noses. Eagerly Columbus approached them, and made offers to exchange his bright colored beads for the golden rings. “Here at last,” said Columbus, “is an indication of gold. We must find where it came from.”

Closely inquiring of the natives, they told him, or at least he thought they did, judging as well as he could from their signs and unknown words, that somewhere, farther south, was a land of gold. There was a king there, so they said, who sat upon a golden throne and was served upon golden dishes.

“ We must seize some of these natives,” said Columbus, “ and teach them Spanish. We can never learn anything without interpreters.” Seven men were accordingly chosen, and were carried on ship-board. Some say these seven natives went willingly ; but there is a story told of one, who, seeing a canoe-load of his people at a little distance from the ship, sprang overboard and swam to them so rapidly that the Spaniards could not overtake him. This story, if true, looks as if the natives were given very little choice as to whether they would serve their Spanish guests or not.

A boat set off in pursuit of the canoe ; but reached it only in time to see its occupants flee into the forests, leaving the canoe upon the shore. The canoe the sailors took back to their ship, as a trophy to be exhibited by-and-by in Spain. This was a mean act ; for the generous natives would gladly have given them more canoes than they could have carried ; and would have been proud that they had anything worthy to be carried away by these “ people from the sky.”

At another time, a native, having heard that the Spaniards would buy their balls of cotton, paddled up to the ship's side and held up a large ball for the sailors to see. The sailors, leaning over, and pretending to examine the cotton, seized the poor native and dragged him on board.

Columbus, who had seen this mean act, ordered the captive to be brought to him. The poor Indian, trembling with fear, dropped upon his knees before Columbus, holding up the ball of cotton, as if to say, "I meant no harm. I only wanted to change my cotton for a piece of colored glass. O, children of the skies! let me be free, let me be free!"

Columbus, sternly rebuking his sailors, gave the poor Indian a string of bright beads, placed upon his head a gay colored cap, and ordered him to be put into his canoe and allowed to return to the island.

Columbus, it is said, was always kind to the natives, and was careful that his sailors, as far as he was able to command, should also be careful in their

treatment of them. It would have been well had the successors of Columbus followed his policy in this respect, as well as in many others.

The natives Columbus had brought with him from San Salvador,— or his interpreters, although they did not know a word of Spanish, indicated to him by signs that there was plenty of gold in a certain island near by, and that the inhabitants wore heavy bracelets and anklets of this precious metal. At least, this is what the Admiral supposed they said.

But when he went on shore the next morning at daylight, accompanied by all the boats of the squadron, he found the people to be in the same poor condition as those of San Salvador. On seeing this he came to the conclusion that the interpreters had only told him such tales to get a chance of going on shore and running away. Nor is it at all improbable; for even a few days passed on board the small ship must have convinced the men of Guanahani that their freedom was better than a half prison life with the Spaniards.

Columbus realized this, and also that it was very necessary that, if they would hope for peace or success on future voyages, these natives must be treated kindly, and above all not be frightened by the new-comers to their shores.

At another time when he was approaching a new island a native rowed swiftly to the ship's side and asked to be taken on board.

When he was safe upon deck, he opened a little basket in which were some colored beads and two Spanish coins. "I go," said the Indian, with many signs and much gesticulation, "from my island to the one to which you are now directed to show them these presents and make them ready for you."

Columbus ordered that their guest be treated with the greatest kindness and honor; and when they drew near the island, giving him fresh presents, the native was put into his canoe to paddle ashore.

In the morning, when the Spaniards landed in their boats, they found the natives already at the water-side

eager to welcome the strange new people with the “great white birds.”

This island, too, they found rich and beautiful in everything but gold. At every step they saw new beauties and new wonders.

On their return to the ship, Columbus again wrote in his journal for the king and queen :

“While the men were away getting the water, I wandered among the trees, which were the most beautiful things to look at that I ever saw. They are very different from those we are accustomed to, and many of them have several kinds of branches springing from a single trunk,—one branch of one sort and another of another, so that it is the greatest marvel in the world to see them.

“One branch will have leaves like a cane-stalk, and another like a gum-tree and so on, half a dozen kinds on one trunk. These are not grafted, for one can tell when a graft is made ; but they grow wild in this manner, and the people pay no attention to them.

“The fishes also are entirely different from ours; some are like cocks, of the most beautiful colors imaginable, — blue, red, yellow, and every other color; and some painted in a thousand fashions. The colors are so perfect that there is not a man among us who is not astonished at them, and does not delight in seeing them. Off the islands there are also whales; but on the land I saw no animals of any kind except lizards and parrots, although one of the sailors told me he had seen a large snake.”

But all this time the natives had been pointing eastward and telling the Spaniards of an island there where gold would be found in plenty.

Accordingly on the morning of the 19th of October, Columbus set sail in the direction indicated by the natives. In a few hours they were in sight of it; and by noon were close upon it.

On this island, so the interpreters insisted, there was a great city, and a king, and O such stores of gold and treasure.

Reaching the shore the Spaniards saw little signs of anything like a city; indeed, Columbus had little faith in the extravagant stories of the natives.

Still every effort must be made to carry back to Spain shiploads of gold, as proofs of what wonderful shores they had visited, and as incitement to Spanish sailors to visit these lands on later voyages. Writing of this island as they lay to, waiting for a favorable time to land, Columbus said :

“In the morning I am going alongshore until I can see and talk with this king, who, according to what they tell me with their signs, is lord over all these islands hereabouts, and is properly clothed, and wears much gold about his person.

“Nevertheless, I do not put entire faith in what they tell me, not only because I cannot understand well what they say, but because I see that they themselves are so poor in gold that however little this king might have it would seem to them like a great deal.

“This cape, which I call Beautiful, I take to be an island apart from Saomet, and conceive that there are others yet between; but I do not attempt to examine everything in detail, for I could not hope to do it in fifty years, and I wish to see and discover the most that is possible, so as to return to your Highnesses in April, God willing.

“It is true, however, that if I find any place where there are gold and spices in plenty I shall remain until I have collected all I can; and thus it is that I do not do otherwise than sail on until I come to such a place.”

The next morning Columbus landed and explored the island. “It should, indeed, be called the island Beautiful,” said he; “for rich and beautiful and wonderful as have been those islands we have already visited, none of them can compare with this.”

Of course they found no city, no king, no golden treasure. But the natives of this island told them of another island—a great island—Cuba—

where there was a wonderful city built of gold and a king who sat upon a golden throne.

All this time, remember, little readers, Columbus supposed he was upon islands near the coast of Asia.

“Although my Indians call it Cuba,” wrote Columbus in his journal, “I believe, from the signs they make, that this must be Cipango. They say that in that place are to be found many ships and merchants, and very great, and near it is another large island which they call Bohio; but this and the others which they say lie between here and Cuba I can visit as I sail thither.

“According to whether I find plenty of gold and spices, I shall then determine what to do.

But at all events I am decided to go to the mainland and visit the city of Quinsay, and deliver the letters of your majesties to the Grand Khan and ask him for a reply, and return to Spain.”

Sailing to this island of Cuba, Columbus again writes :

“All last night and all to-day have I been waiting here at anchor to see whether this king or any of his people would bring me gold or anything else of value. But these islanders are like the others, naked and poor, painted in all the colors of the rainbow, and offering nothing more valuable for exchange than javelins and cotton.

“When the sailors give them a bit of broken glass or a fragment of a cracked pot, the Indians hand it from one to another as though it were some divine treasure.

“Now and again a savage appears with a little scrap of beaten gold stuck through a hole in his nose or ear, and this he very willingly exchanges for a tiny bell or a few colored beads; but it is at best so little that it is almost nothing.

“I have made up my mind not to sail around this island as I had intended, in order to search for

the city and have intercourse with this king or lord, since that would delay me a great deal, and I perceive that there is no mine of gold in this country.

“ Besides, to sail around these islands many kinds of wind are necessary, and the wind will not always blow the way men want.

“ Moreover, it is not worth while to remain here longer, as I am going to where there is commerce to be had on a large scale, and to find a country which will be very profitable. For all that, I believe that this island might prove lucrative enough in spices; but I know nothing about these, for which I am more grieved than I can say.”

THE ISLAND OF CUBA.

Columbus next sailed to Cuba. For here, so the natives of the island Beautiful assured him, would he find the great city and the king for whom he sought.

Little confidence did Columbus put in the stories of the natives now; but from certain reports they made as to the distance and position of this Cuba, Columbus grew more and more inclined to believe that it was indeed Cathay.

As he drew near, he was struck with the wonderful beauty of the island. "It is," said he, "like the Sicilan islands, and its grandeur recalls to me the majesty of the sierras of Granada."

Close down to the river's edge came the dense tropical forests. As the oars splashed and the keels grated upon the sands, up flew a multitude of gayly feathered birds chattering and screaming and fluttering their wonderful plumage.

Near the landing Columbus found two huts—fishermen's huts, for in them were nets and lines and hooks made from bone. This was all they found, for the huts were empty and no sign of life was anywhere to be seen.

“It was such a delight to behold all that freshness and those wonderful forests with their multitude of birds,” he writes, “that I could with difficulty turn back to go on board the ships.

“I noticed,” said he, “plants and wild-flowers like those of Europe, and in several places, even along the seashore, the grass grew long and fresh close down to the water's edge; showing that no furious tempests could ever rage there, for otherwise the beaches would everywhere be swept bare of vegetation.

“The palms, too, are far more sightly than those of Southern Europe and the African coasts, as here their trunks are clean and straight, and not encumbered with the ugly growth of dead fibre.”

Indeed, Columbus was fully persuaded that he had at length reached Cipango. In the mountains he believed lay hidden mines of gold, and on the beach near the fisher's cabins he had seen large piles of mussel-shells.

What could be clearer than that these were the source from which were drawn the famous pearls of the Orient? When he showed them to the Indians on the Santa Maria they made signs that people came from ten days' distance off to seek them.

To Columbus's eager mind this obviously meant that China was only that far away; their ships, of course, came hither to get these pearls and other treasures, and took them back to their kingdom.

Day after day the Spaniards, with their interpreters and guides, explored the great island. Always were the natives ready to tell of a great city "a little further on;" but never did the Spaniards quite succeed in finding that city.

At one time he sent his interpreters and two of

the crew on a journey far into the island in search of the city. But they returned treasureless, reporting nothing but a beautiful island, beautiful trees, beautiful flowers, beautiful birds.

“We traveled,” said they, “forty miles inland. The road was narrow, leading through dense forests and over rich carpets of grass and flowers. As for the birds, there seemed an infinite number, and all unlike any ever seen in Spain.”

On the third day of their journey they reached a settlement which, from the guide's description, they knew must be the city for which they were searching.

But, alas, for their high hopes! The village contained only about fifty houses, built of canes and palm leaves. It was very well built, and so large that each house contained at least twenty inhabitants.

As they approached the place, the people flocked out to meet them; and after no little talking they were led into the largest of these dwellings, the prin-

cipal men of the town taking them by the arm as a mark of honor.

When all the men were gathered within the house, the women were forbidden to enter; and the Spaniards were seated on stools in the midst of the apartment. One after another the savages then pressed forward, kissing the white men's hands and feet, and touching them to see what manner of strange creatures they might be.

From their gestures it was plain that the Indians supposed they had come down from the skies,—an error which the messengers did not seem to correct.

After the first excitement was over the Indians all squatted on the floor in a circle around the strangers; while the interpreter explained what great and powerful people these white men were, how wonderfully they lived, and what extraordinary treasures they possessed, assuring his hearers that they were the best beings in the world, and true friends of the natives, to whom they gave magnificent presents.

“You must take very good care of these visitors from heaven,” continued the interpreter, “else the Great Spirit will be angry with us, and perhaps will punish us with sickness and famine.”

By-and-by the Indians arose, and without a word, passed out. Then the Indian women came in. They, too, squatted upon the floor, and looked upon them with evident adoration. Again the interpreter told over his story of the wonderful sky visitors, while the women listened with wide open eyes and mouths.

All this was highly interesting to listen to, but it was far from the kind of report Columbus had hoped to hear.

“You have done your work well, my men,” said he to the ambassadors; “but I fear the gold we shall get from such cities as these will be of little value in the eyes of our great sovereigns Ferdinand and Isabella.”

From this time on, Columbus did little more than prepare for the return voyage. The vessels needed

preparing, and there was much to be done in the way of cruising about the islands, gathering gum and bark from the trees, mapping out the country, and building homes for those of the Spaniards who were to remain here to settle a colony while Columbus returned to Spain to report the result of this voyage across the ocean.

Behind him lay the gray Azores,
 Behind the gates of Hercules;
 Before him not the ghost of shores,
 Before him only shoreless seas.
 The good mate said: "Now must we pray,
 For lo! the very stars are gone.
 Speak, Admiral, what shall I say?"
 "Why say, 'Sail on! sail on! and on!'"

* * * * *

Then, pale and worn, he kept his deck,
 And peered through darkness. Ah, that night
 Of all dark nights! And then a speck—
 A light! A light! A light! A light!
 It grew, a starlit flag unfurled!
 It grew to be Time's burst of dawn,
 He gained a world; he gave that world
 Its grandest lesson: "On! and on!"

— JOAQUIN MILLER



ALONZO PINZON'S DESERTION.

Alonzo Pinzon was the commander of the *Pinta*. Being a man of equal intelligence in affairs of the sea he had lent his wealth and influence most heartily to aid Columbus in his enterprise, and had, during the voyage, proved himself Columbus's "right-hand man," as we say.

It was he who assisted Columbus in fitting out his ships; it was he, who, during the first days of the voyage, when the superstitious sailors were beside themselves with fright, encouraged and cheered them on with promises of reward; it was he, who later, on the voyage, when there was grumbling and muttering and mutiny, helped Columbus to keep the crew in check and make it possible to reach the newly discovered country.

One would suppose from all this, that Columbus and Pinzon would have been the best of friends; that they would have held their success so much a thing of common interest and of common glory that separation would have been an impossibility.

But the same old enemy, self, that is always getting in our way to make us do unworthy acts, seems to have taken possession of these two men. Columbus, good man as he was, began to grow a little jealous of Pinzon. He thought he was a little too commanding, and not as willing to yield to his authority as he should be.

Pinzon, on his side, thought thus: "I am not Columbus's follower. Was I not one of the chief workers, both with money and with influence, in this enterprise of his? What do I owe this man? Does he not rather owe me money, labor, influence — everything that has made it possible for him to succeed in his undertaking? And now he would make a mere hireling of me. We'll see. I shall show him that Alonzo Pinzon is no slave of his."

For some time this feeling between these two men, who should have been the best of friends, had been growing more and more bitter. Each one on the alert for some offence committed by the other.

One night, when the three ships had been cruising about among the islands, Columbus, as usual, put up the signal to return to the harbor. But Pinzon paid no heed whatever.

Columbus thought little of this then, as she was the swiftest sailer of the fleet and might be standing on with the intention of overtaking the flagship later.

As the night closed in, however, he saw the *Pinta* away off on the horizon, still steering due east with all sails set, and every moment increasing the distance between herself and the two other vessels.

Loath to believe that so true a sailor and so brave a man as her captain was, would be guilty of so rank an act of disobedience, Columbus tried to believe that the distance had misled him, and that the *Pinta* must in reality be heading for him ; so he ordered his own ship and the *Niña* to take in part of their canvas and continue their way to the coast under easy sail.

He also ordered that a bright light should be kept shining all night long as a guide to the missing vessel. Thus, he hoped against hope to hear Martin Alonzo's hail before many hours were past ; the more especially as the wind blew strong from the direction of the *Pinta*.

The anxious night passed nevertheless ; and when Columbus mounted the castle of his ship as soon as the first gray light of morning broke in the eastern sky, both ocean and horizon were bare of ship or sail.

There was no longer possibility of doubt. Pinzon had evidently gone on a cruise of his own.

Columbus was annoyed and angry. Had Pinzon gone cruising about by himself; or what would be worse still, had he set out for Spain, that he might be the first to announce the tidings of the great discovery, and so enjoy the glory that would be heaped upon him when the wonderful success of the voyage was known? "Little credit for its success," thought Columbus bitterly, "will he be likely to give to me."

But it was of little use to pursue Pinzon's vessel. The ocean was far too large — and the ocean tells no tales. Columbus, therefore, continued his explorations from island to island, desiring now, more than ever, that somewhere he might find gold and silver, and so carry home to Spain something to weigh in his own favor over and above any reports, any mere word-pictures, with which Pinzon might endeavor to steal from him the favor of the Spanish sovereigns.

On one island, he was told there lived a tribe

of man-eaters — the Caribs, as they called them. On another island he found trees so large that the natives were able to dig out from one of them a canoe large enough and long enough to carry a hundred men.

On another island, which he named Hispaniola (Little Spain) he found the natives living in houses with gardens, and these grouped in little villages. The people everywhere were friendly, welcoming the Spaniards always as wonderful beings just come from the skies; and at Hispaniola the king, so Columbus wrote to Isabella, was so generously inclined, and so proud of his visitors that he everywhere presented Columbus to his people as “my brother.”

At one time, when the sailors were rambling about the island, they came in sight of a band of natives playing and laughing and racing with each other. At sight of the Spaniards, the islanders fled. The Spaniards gave chase. One beautiful young girl was captured and carried to the ship. Poor, frightened child! trembling like a leaf, she was brought before Columbus.

Again did he win the confidence of the simple-hearted people, and the respect of all of us who read about him, by treating her with gentle kindness. Putting upon her a beautiful robe, and giving her a bunch of little tinkling bells, he bade his sailors return her to her people.

“It was vastly amusing,” Columbus wrote, “to watch this young maiden strutting up and down the shore arrayed in her wonderful robe, and followed by throngs of admiring natives.”

A few days later, when Columbus and his men went on shore, this same maiden was borne upon a sort of litter down to the shore to greet the Spaniards as they landed. She was still arrayed in her robe and was prouder of her little bells and the strings of colored beads than ever was a queen with all her costly jewels.

Among all these people, Columbus found great readiness and willingness on their part to give to the new comers anything and everything they owned.

But Columbus never took advantage of their simple generosity. For every bit of gold, he always returned something from the ships which to the Indian should be of more than equal value.

One morning, just as the sun was gilding the ocean with its golden light, a great canoe pushed off from an island near by and darted forward towards the ships.

In this canoe, gayly arrayed in bright plumes and feathers, sat a messenger from the island chief. He brought to Columbus a beautiful belt, embroidered with beads, carved bits of ivory, and decorated with a little head, very neatly carved, and set with bits of gold.

The ambassador brought from their chief greeting and an invitation to come to their island to visit. Columbus of course accepted this cordial invitation. He found the chief living in a beautiful town, laid out with streets and a large, nicely-kept public square. From all the towns about, the natives thronged to see the people from the sky. "Their hospitality," wrote

Columbus, "might well have put to shame the hospitality of many a civilized town."

It was off the coast of this island, that Columbus's vessel was one night wrecked. And when word of the disaster reached the island chief, it is said he wept aloud. Then summoning all his men, he ordered every canoe, great and small, to hasten to the Spaniards' relief.

The chief himself worked hard a whole day and a whole night, helping to unload the sinking vessel. Standing over the cargo himself, he guarded it faithfully; and not one article, tempting as it must have been to the natives, was stolen.

Indeed, there seemed no inclination on the part of any of the natives to carry away anything from the ship. The things were to the natives all wonderful and beautiful; but the simple fact that they did not belong to them, seemed reason enough why they should not be taken; and a certain noble sense of honor seemed to hold them above any thought of taking advantage of the Spaniards' misfortune.

For sometime Columbus and his men remained upon this island. In comfortable houses, living upon rich fruit and the freshest of meat and fish, surrounded with every possible comfort, the sailors would hardly have rebelled had Columbus resolved to live on and on with no thought of return to Spain. But with the *Pinta* gone, he knew not where, the other ship wrecked, Columbus felt that it would be wisest to hasten to Spain before some disaster overtook their one remaining vessel.

And so, leaving a little colony who should await his return he sailed away.

Merrily every bosom boundeth,
Homeward we go, homeward we go ;
Over the sea the song resoundeth.
Homeward we go, homeward we go !
There the smiles of loved ones will be beaming,
Banners gay in welcome will be streaming ;
Merrily every bosom boundeth,
Homeward we go, homeward we go ,
Over the sea the song resoundeth
Homeward we go, homeward we go.

THE RETURN VOYAGE.

It was in January that Columbus set forth again to cross the water. Baffled by calms and head-winds, the little vessel made its way but slowly out from among the mountains. Hardly had it sailed fifty miles when the pilot cried, "The Pinta! the Pinta!"

Sure enough, there was the Pinta. At once a signal was run up which this time Pinzon readily obeyed.

It was a weak sort of an excuse Pinzon had to offer for his desertion, which, even if Columbus had been a little unfair in his treatment of him, was not quite an honorable thing to do.

"On the night of my separation from your flagship," said Pinzon, "the wind drove us so far eastward that when the day broke, believe me, there was neither fleet nor land in sight.

"Your Excellency will well believe," continued Pinzon, with mock humility, "the terror and confusion

which overcame me at this discovery. All that it was in my power to do to regain the coast of Cuba, I did with my ship,—and men have said that I am no mean sailor; but despite my stoutest labors, we were driven far away to the east until we reached some barren and rocky islands, I know not where.

“From there, with toil and peril, we have slowly made our way to this present coast, where, not many days ago, I learned from the natives that your Excellency was not far away with but a single ship. It needs not to be said that I lost no time in seeking for your Excellency, to offer my duty and place the Pinta under your Excellency’s orders.”

Columbus was not at all deceived by his excuses; but accepted them without rebuke, thinking it policy just then to have no trouble with Pinzon.

“I thank you,” said he quietly, “for care of the vessel and your speed at returning at your first opportunity to us. Your ship, however, must be in need of repair. Since we have lost one of our vessels

we cannot be too careful of the two left to us. Were you successful," added he, with as innocent a look as if he had believed every word that Pinzon had said to him, "in your search for gold?"

Pinzon colored and made but a confused answer. From that time on the two men understood each other perfectly. Neither was deceived.

The truth of Pinzon's desertion was this: An Indian had told him of a rich mine, a short distance from where the vessels were, and he, his greediness aroused, conceived at once the plan of finding this mine, speedily filling the vessel, and returning to Spain with his precious freight.

As an excuse for separating himself from his commander, he proposed to say that a storm had drifted them apart, and that being unable to find him, he had at once loaded his vessel and set forth for Spain alone.

No mine, however, had been discovered, and now Pinzon had sailed back to Hispaniola in search of the other ships.

The return voyage was one of peril. Storms and calm followed one after the other in swift succession. Black tempests, roaring billows and dense darkness so confused the leaders that their reckoning was lost.

After one terrible night, during which the ocean had dashed with maddened fury against the frail vessel, and nothing could be seen or heard save its fierce, white-capped crests and their deafening roar, Columbus, far more concerned that the knowledge of his discovery should be saved than that he should live to bear it to the queen, wrote an account of it, sealed it in a strong, water-tight cask, and threw it overboard, hoping that in some way it might fall into honest hands, and be delivered up to the sovereigns of Spain.

But Columbus and his crew were not to be lost. Morning came ; and for a time the wind died down and the two vessels, separated during the night, came together again. But later in the day, again the wind,

with one long warning shriek, fell upon the vessels, driving them staggering and helpless through the terrible sea. The wind changed and shifted from side to side, heaping the billows in great walls of angry water about the ships. All day and all night this lasted. The bravest seamen gave themselves up for lost, and crouched sullenly in the corners awaiting the end.

The other vessel had been driven far away ; but for many hours the answering flash from that vessel as Columbus signalled his own safety, told him that the *Pinta* was yet safe. But that disappeared at last and the *Pinta* was given up as lost.

The sailors shook their heads and muttered a short prayer for their comrades' souls. To them it was of little interest ; for, as they believed, it was but a question of an hour or two and they, too, would have to meet the same evil fate.

Reverently, feeling that the end was near, Columbus called the crew together and prayed to

the saints for protection. Then taking a handful of flat beans, he counted out as many as there were souls on board, and marking a single one with a cross, shook them thoroughly in a seaman's cap, and called upon the crew in the order of their rank to draw one. He to whom the cross fell was to vow that if the ship were only spared, he would make a pilgrimage to the famous shrine of the Virgin of Guadalupe, bearing as an offering a weighty candle of pure white wax.

His being the first turn, Columbus solemnly thrust his hand into the cap and drew out a bean from the sixty or more therein contained.

It bore the cross. Reverently making the same sign, he confirmed his vow and called upon his companions to invoke each the aid of his own patron saint in this hour of desperate need.

But these brave men were not yet to die.

All night long the vessel tossed to and fro. Again the light began to dawn; and with it came a sight of land.

Land ! land ! sure enough ! there was land ahead. They were near the great islands of the Azores.

Baffling winds kept the little vessel blowing hither and thither and it was many hours before the island could be approached.

An entire circuit of the island was made before a landing could be secured.

The natives were amazed indeed to learn that the little vessel Niña had weathered the fearful gale of the last few days.

More amazed still were they to learn that the same little vessel was returning from a voyage across the great sea and that it had reached in safety and was now returning from the Golden Indies so far away.

No sooner was Columbus out to sea than away the islanders flew to carry the news of the wonderful fleet and its wonderful voyage to the government town.

Columbus sailed at once to the little port of St. Lorenzo, where he had been told he would find an

excellent harbor. Darkness had fallen before he reached there, so he brought his vessel to anchor as near the shore as seemed safe, and there waited the morning.

Soon three men appeared upon the shore and demanded of him who he was and why he came.

A boat was sent ashore to make the report, and the three men on shore invited the pilot who came in the boat to go with them into the town and converse with the governor, who would, the three men said, be glad to talk with the voyagers.

The governor received them with great civility, and was extravagant in his praises of the brave crew who had made this daring voyage on unknown waters. "I knew your brave captain Columbus," said he, "in earlier days, and had always great admiration for him."

After offering them refreshment, the governor urged the pilot and two of his companions to spend the night with him on shore, proposing to send back his own messengers with the rest of the boat's crew to the Niña. The invitation was promptly accepted.

The party returning to the ship were laden with a generous supply of chickens, fresh bread, fruits, and other eatables likely to be acceptable to men who had been so long at sea; and these were presented to Columbus by the Portuguese messengers with the governor's respectful compliments.

“His Excellency the Governor,” said they, “would have come himself to the vessel had the hour not been so late. In the early morning, however, he should do himself the honor to pay his respects to the brave commander.”

The governor had only taken the liberty to invite these men, the messengers explained, on account of the passing delight he anticipated in listening to the recital of their astonishing adventures.

Meantime the governor begged Columbus to accept these poor refreshments as his evening meal, and on the morrow whatever the island afforded should be placed at his disposition.

Columbus expressed his appreciation of the

governor's courtesy, and showed the Portuguese every attention in his power, answering freely their inquiries, and exhibiting to their admiring vision his Indian interpreters and some of the curious articles he had brought from the Indies.

But in all this courtesy and appearance of profound interest and good will, there was a something that created in Columbus a feeling of doubt and insecurity. More than once he rebuked himself for what seemed unfounded suspicion. Still there was, — and Columbus could not shake off the feeling — in all this show of friendship a lack of genuineness.

He had no such recollection of the Governor as that worthy professed to have of him, and he was none too well pleased with the keeping back of three of his crew, on never mind how reasonable an excuse.

He had lived too long among the Portuguese not to know exactly what value to attach to their ceremonious pretensions of friendship. There was a

false ring about all this which put him on his guard. It was not the greeting to which he had looked forward, when he had thought of once more landing on Christian shores.

Still, he reflected, Spain and Portugal were certainly at peace; and the Governor might have really fancied it was too late to call upon a strange ship, as he had alleged.

As for the three sailors,—well, if it came to a trial of wits, his pilot would be able to give no information as to the whereabouts of the wonderful lands which would be of any use to the Portuguese in case they should want to go there.

All that knowledge Columbus had locked up in his sea-chest; and he felt confident they would gain no advantage should they attempt any new trick this present time. There was, however, nothing to be done but to wait; and tired out with the week of danger and anxiety, Columbus retired, glad enough for the present to sleep.

In the morning, there was a great stir upon shore. Armed men, horsemen, glittering weapons — all these were visible from the ship.

Soon a boat put off. As it drew near, Columbus could see that it was filled with men of authority.

“There is some treachery somewhere,” said Columbus to himself.

As the boat came within hailing distance, one of the armed men rose from his seat and said :

“Señor Columbus, I am your most humble servant, Juan de Castañeda, Governor of this island.”

Columbus returned the salutation in a dignified manner.

“It would be to me an honor,” returned the governor, “if you would accept my poor hospitality, and return with me to my island.”

“Nay, Señor Governor,” replied Columbus, “it is not Spanish courtesy to allow you to return without first tasting our wine. I pray you consider our vessel, and all it contains, at your Excellency’s disposal.”

This was not exactly what the Portuguese had planned upon. There was a brief whispering among the officers. They evidently did not care to come in close contact with the Spaniards, neither did they quite dare refuse.

At last, again the governor spoke. "May I ask Señor Columbus, why you bring into my port an armed vessel, and send upon my shores without permission a body of soldiers and sailors."

There was no doubt whatever, now of the treacherous designs of the governor.

"I came to this port," said he, slowly and with force, his eyes carrying fire in their steady glance, "to escape the fate of my other vessel, which has been lost in the storm through which we have just passed.

"Your Excellency knows well, that in Spain, a Portuguese is as safe, and as courteously treated, as in the Court at Lisbon. It would seem however, from our reception here, that the subjects of the Spanish crown have no such security in the Portuguese domains."

Much passed between the Governor and Columbus, which we will not here take time to report. But, when the Governor came to threats and insolence, then Columbus burst out upon him :

“ Now may the consequences of these deeds of yours fall upon your own head !

“ Because your Excellency has foully trapped the half of my ship’s company, think not we shall all fall into your treacherous hands. There are stout men enough remaining to take this caravel to Spain ; and with God’s blessing we shall be in Seville before many days are past. ’T will best behoove you, therefore, Señor Governor, to put your house in order ; for his Majesty of Portugal will not deny the demand of my sovereigns of Castile that he who has done this traitor’s act in time of peace shall meet his due reward.”

There was more truth in this than was pleasant for the governor to hear. He well knew that the Portuguese king, if formal complaint was made, would

readily disclaim the act of his governor; and in that event he, Juan de Castañeda, would have an awkward account to settle.

Columbus waited for a reply. He well knew he had the Governor at an advantage.

“So be it, then, Señor Governor,” said he at length, “I would but have your Excellency bear in mind that unless my men are released I pledge myself by my word and faith, as an Admiral of Castile, that I shall neither leave this ship nor set my foot on land until I have come back to this port with force to strip this island of its people and carry them all to Spain. I speak not hastily, Señor de Castañeda; mark well my words!”

And at once he gave the order to his men to set the ship at once towards Spain.

Hardly were they out at sea when a wind arose and another storm threatened. Back into the very harbor of St. Lorenzo they were driven, and there they anchored till they might with safety set forth.

The Governor, meantime, had been thoroughly frightened; and as soon as he saw the Niña again in the harbor he sent out a boat in which were priests and a notary to say that His Excellency the governor had no desire to embarrass in any way the noble Admiral; he had but acted in accordance with his instructions, which were to call to account any vessel putting into his port without the special permission of the Portuguese king.

If the noble Admiral would satisfy his Excellency that he had come with no hostile intent, his Excellency would release the men and render the noble Admiral any service in his power.

It was very difficult for Columbus to listen to this with patience. He saw that it was a mere pretext on the governor's part; that having failed to secure the commander himself, he was now anxious to restore the men who were of no use to him; and that he hoped thereby, since the game was lost, to escape any serious consequences from his act of treachery.

Columbus's first impulse was to punish the cowardly governor, as he well knew it was in his power to do; but there were his men in the governor's power upon the island. "And what consideration," thought he, "does my personal pride merit compared with the saving of my men."

So he meekly allowed the notary and priests to read the papers in which was their proof of the generous power with which he was vested by the Spanish king and queen.

Profuse now were the priests and the notary in their apologies and in their expressions of recognition and respect, and were ready and anxious to return with their report to their mistaken governor.

They were allowed in due time to depart, and in a few hours a ship containing the Spaniards came up to the vessel's side.

"We may as well put out to sea at once," said Columbus bitterly, "before some new scheme is set on foot by these treacherous Portuguese."

Again they set sail, and the vessel made its way in safety to Spain.

You may be sure Columbus and his men were glad indeed to sail again into the harbor of Palos.

Such an excitement as was created all through Europe. The glad tidings swept like a mighty wind over Spain. Bonfires blazed from every high place, church bells rang, salutes were fired.

In the midst of all this joyous celebration Pinzon's vessel, which had been lost sight of during the terrible gales, now came sailing up the harbor. Driven by wind and wave it had made its way to the Bay of Biscay, from whence it now came.

Bitterly now did Pinzon regret his ignoble behavior. Generous as he had been with his wealth, valuable as he had been with his aid, it seems a pity that this one error of his should now steal from him the honor really due him, and plunge him into such disgrace.

Sailing into the harbor midst all this enthusiasm



COLUMBUS'S RECEPTION ON HIS RETURN TO SPAIN.

over the arrival of Columbus, and knowing how little of the good will would the people give to him, he hurried himself into a small boat, secretly landed, and made his way to his own home.

Pinzon was in deep disgrace. He was forbidden to appear at court; and, indeed, little courage had he to appear even in the streets of his own city, so deeply did he feel the scorn that the common people were so ready to pour out upon him.

Pinzon lived only a short time. Crushed by the sense of his own folly, and stung by the jeers and laughter which everywhere greeted him, he sickened and died.

Let us remember that in everything but this one act of desertion Pinzon had been brave and true, and was by no means deserving of quite so much disgrace as was heaped upon him. I have always been glad that, at a later day, in recognition of his valuable services, his family were highly honored by the court, and given the rank of nobility and a coat-of-arms.



MAP SHOWING ROUTE OF COLUMBUS.

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Such an excitement as was created all through Europe. The glad tidings swept like a mighty wind over Spain. Bonfires blazed from every high place, church bells rang, salutes were fired.

In the midst of all this joyous celebration Pinzon's vessel, which had been lost sight of during the terrible gales, now came sailing up the harbor. Driven by wind and wave it had made its way to the Bay of Biscay, from whence it now came.

Bitterly now did Pinzon regret his ignoble behavior. Generous as he had been with his wealth, valuable as he had been with his aid, it seems a pity that this one error of his should now steal from him the honor really due him, and plunge him into such disgrace.

Sailing into the harbor midst all this enthusiasm



COLUMBUS'S RECEPTION ON HIS RETURN TO SPAIN.

over the arrival of Columbus, and knowing how little of the good will would the people give to him, he hurried himself into a small boat, secretly landed, and made his way to his own home.

Pinzon was in deep disgrace. He was forbidden to appear at court; and, indeed, little courage had he to appear even in the streets of his own city, so deeply did he feel the scorn that the common people were so ready to pour out upon him.

Pinzon lived only a short time. Crushed by the sense of his own folly, and stung by the jeers and laughter which everywhere greeted him, he sickened and died.

Let us remember that in everything but this one act of desertion Pinzon had been brave and true, and was by no means deserving of quite so much disgrace as was heaped upon him. I have always been glad that, at a later day, in recognition of his valuable services, his family were highly honored by the court, and given the rank of nobility and a coat-of-arms.



MAP SHOWING ROUTE OF COLUMBUS.

THE SECOND VOYAGE.

Columbus for the time being was indeed the hero of the world. The people of Genoa, that so shortly before had called him an ignorant wool-comber, now began to boast that Columbus was a Genoese. Spain puffed herself that she had rendered him the aid he asked for.

England quoted loudly the fact that an ambassador of hers had been, at the very time Isabella had recalled Columbus to court, far on his journey Spain-ward to offer Columbus her support in his plans for sailing around the world.

All the friends who had believed in him before he sailed, now strutted about, glorifying themselves in his reflected light. And even those who had scoffed at him and jeered at him, managed by great stretch of conscience and of memory, to recall some little word of approval or of encouragement that they had given him, which should now be made to redound to their own honor.



COLUMBUS AT THE COURT ON HIS RETURN FROM THE NEW WORLD.

“O there’s nothing succeeds like success,” some one has humorously remarked. And wouldn’t you suppose that after a time human nature would learn to be cautious, even if it can’t be generous, when some one like Columbus comes forward with some great thought, some great plan, some great invention, which, at the time, does seem almost impossible to be proved true. Let us remember this:—there never yet has been *a great man* or *a great woman* but the world has sneered at, scoffed at, and called either a knave or a fool. It should teach us to be careful lest we do the same thing; and, like the scoffers at Columbus, find ourselves eating very “humble pie” after the opportunity to be generous has gone by.

When Columbus started on his second voyage, there was no lack of money, or vessels, or of sailors, you may be sure. He had quite as much trouble now in this flood of encouragement as he had previously had in the drought.

One of the men who went on this second voyage with Columbus was named Ojeda. He was of noble birth, had been brought up under the care of a distinguished duke, one of the richest and most influential in all Spain. Ojeda was a most reckless cavalier ; one who seemed to know not the meaning of the word fear, but seemed rather to rejoice in the wildest, most dangerous adventures.

On this voyage the fleet put in at the Antilles. Here they found, so some of our histories tell us, an island of man-eaters. These man-eaters ravaged the island, killing the aged, stealing the strong, young maidens to hold as slaves, and eating the young men. A small party of Spaniards went to explore this island. It was long past the time for them to return, still no sign of them. Columbus was alarmed. Trumpets were blown, guns were fired ; but no reply came to their signals.

Then Ojeda volunteered to make an exploration of the island. The island was searched for days, but

the lost ones could not be found. It was with a sad heart that Columbus prepared to sail away. Just then the men appeared. Ragged and hungry, their appearance was pitiful. They had been lost in the tangled thickets of the forests, and only with the greatest difficulty had made their way out.

On another island, when the Spaniards landed, the people, — Caribs — fought with desperation, men and women alike. The canoe from which they were hurling their arrows was overturned; still they fought on, hurling their arrows seemingly as rapidly as from their boat. They were captured at last. Such hideous creatures! long, straggling hair, wild eyes, their faces daubed with paint. They were like wild animals; and though strongly bound, they behaved like caged tigers, clanking their chains and yelling and howling.

From here Columbus sailed on to islands he had discovered in his first voyage. One night, as they “lay to” not far from the shore, a canoe came towards

the vessel. An Indian stood in the bow. Coming up close to the ship he asked for Columbus; nor would he come on board until Columbus himself appeared on deck.

He came to tell Columbus that the island upon which in his first voyage he had left a little colony of Spaniards, had been attacked, many of the natives killed and the chief himself severely wounded.

The next day Columbus went to the island, but found the towns in ruins. Could it be that the good chief had been treacherous? Or had the Spaniards driven the natives to desperation by some cruel domineering behavior on their part? Columbus almost feared it might be the latter. Clearly had he warned the men that both for policy's sake and because it was *right*, they should be fair in their treatment of the simple-hearted natives.

It was some time before any reliable report could be gained. The truth came out, however, at last. And the trouble was, as it always was afterwards in the

annals of Spanish doings in this country, all due to the perfidy of the Spaniards. No sooner had Columbus gone, than these men began a series of petty persecutions upon the natives. The natives and the neighboring tribes endured it as long as they could. Then an attack was made upon the white men and everyone of them slain.

So the cruising about the islands went on. Colonies were founded, gold was collected, and the time came when Columbus thought it wise to return to Spain. There had been many pleasant things connected with this voyage, but there had been much that was disappointing, heart-sickening, discouraging.

As he sailed away, he was overtaken by a canoe in which were an Indian and his family.

“Good friend,” said he, coming up to the side of the vessel, “we wish to go with you to your land. We wish to be under your protection, and become subjects to your king and queen.”

Columbus looked upon these Indians with com-

passion; and when he thought what unfair treatment, what slavery would be their share in his country, he had by far too great compassion on them to allow them, innocent and ignorant as they were, to be carried away from their native land. So loading them with presents, and promising that in some future time he would come again, he sent them back to their island.

The voyage to Spain was as perilous as had been the first return. Tempests assailed them, the fleet was scattered, and the crew suffered bitterly from cold and starvation. Columbus, working side by side with the sailors, worn out with toil and suffering, overtaxed with anxiety, was stricken with illness. In a state of unconsciousness, he was borne from the vessel on its arrival at the Spanish port, into the presence of the sovereigns.



TREACHERY OF THE SPANIARDS.

As soon as Columbus had sufficiently recovered to be able to cross the ocean again, he was anxious to get back to his colonies. He had many bitter enemies — envious, jealous men — both in Spain and at the town of Isabella, which he had founded and had made a centre; but he had equally strong friends. It was fast coming to be a question which party should succeed before the sovereigns.

The lightning never strikes the grass, you know; but if one puts his head above, standing out as Columbus did, like the grand oak, he must know that he makes himself a target for the arrows of hate.

When Columbus came away from the island of Hayti, he had left a Spaniard there with four hundred soldiers to explore the island.

Don Pedro Margarite was the Spaniard's name. Regardless of the instructions of Columbus, he began at once to take possession of anything and everything

on the island that suited his fancy. The Indian dwellings were robbed, the maidens stolen, the children massacred.

Report of this unwarranted behavior reached the ears of Columbus's brother, who was in charge in another island. But the proud Spaniard sent back the reply that he did not propose to be subject to wool-combers.

He paid no heed to the warning, but plunged into cruelty more deeply than ever.

At last, the natives, goaded to desperation, rose in rebellion. A confederacy was formed. Thousands of warriors marched against Margarite and his band. A terrible insurrection was at hand. Ojeda, like a fanged wolf, leapt madly into the fiercest of the conflict.

Margarite, angry that Columbus should be in control over him, hastened to the town of Isabella, and plotting with other nobles there, who now that the poor wool-comber had met the peril and borne all the

hardship of discovery and exploration, were ready to destroy him, seized upon several of Columbus's vessels and sailed for Spain. They reached there shortly after Columbus had been taken into the presence of the sovereigns, and taking advantage of his illness, they raised a general clamor against him.

Sadly did Columbus listen to stories of Spanish cruelty and of the Indian uprisings. His only thought was of how peace was to be restored.

There was one Indian chief of influence to whom Columbus appealed. He sent messengers to him, and assured him that the cruel behavior of the Spaniards had been contrary to his commands, and that it was his desire to live in peace with the natives.

There was one chief, Caonabo, the leader in the confederacy of natives, and the fiercest of warriors. "And I," said Ojeda, "am the fiercest of Spaniards." There was between these two a sort of fascination. "I will capture this chief," said Ojeda, "or he shall capture me."

So, selecting ten companions, all mounted on most powerful horses, they plunged into the forests and bore down upon the village in which Caonabo lived.

Approaching him with great show of reverence, Ojeda said, "I come from Columbus. I bring rich presents and implore you to cease from quarreling, and to agree to terms of peace."

Caonabo had suffered terribly from this cruel warfare, and was not unwilling to make terms with his foe.

Ojeda quickly saw this, and so pressed his plans farther.

"If you will come to Isabella," said this scheming young Spaniard, "you shall receive the highest of honors from Columbus. You shall be loaded with presents, and Columbus himself awaits you."

Still the chief hesitated. And now came Ojeda's master-stroke. "My chief," said he, "bade me tell you that he had long known your liking for the bell that hangs in the tower of our chapel at Isabella. And

he wished me to tell you that already workmen are prepared to take it down from the tower that he may be able to present it to you."

This was irresistible. The chief now consented to go with Ojeda to the Spanish town.

When the time came for departure, behold, Caonabo brought with him a great number of his fiercest warriors.

"Why these warriors?" said Ojeda, suspicious that Caonabo, too, might be playing a double game.

"It is not becoming that so great a chief as I should go into the presence of so great a chief as Columbus without attendants," replied Caonabo simply.

As they went on their march, Ojeda produced a set of steel hand-cuffs.

"What are those?" asked Caonabo, his eye attracted by their glitter.

"Ornaments," answered Ojeda carelessly. "Would you like to take them? We Spaniards wear them only on grand occasions."

“Let me take them,” said Caonabo.

“Mount this fine horse behind me,” said Ojeda, “put on the ornaments on your wrists, and we will ride into the presence of Columbus.”

Caonabo mounted, the manacles were placed upon his hands — the great chief was a prisoner.

Then with a rush, the cavaliers gathered around him, bayonets were pointed, and away the company galloped, leaving the attendants staring in open-mouthed wonder.

Bitterly did Caonabo deplore his captivity. One of his brothers, raising an army, marched against the Spaniards. But Ojeda fell upon them with such fury, the terrible animals on which they rode snorted and pranced so wildly, and the fierce blood-hounds did such deadly havoc, the poor natives were soon put to rout.

Meantime, Margarite and his friends had succeeded in stirring up suspicion against Columbus in Spain. A commissioner was sent over the water to see if the stories reported against him were true.

Columbus listened to the story of the commissioner with dignity, and at once set out for Spain.

Reaching there, he was received with kindness by the sovereigns. Another fleet was promised him, and all seemed at peace again. But Columbus had many enemies at court, and these came more and more to have influence with the king. He looked upon Columbus with suspicion. Isabella only remained firm in her confidence in his honorable dealings.

Months passed, and Columbus was still waiting. The insolence that from time to time he received from his enemies drove him sometimes to distraction. Many a time he resolved to go not one step farther in his enterprise.

After two years of waiting, he at last set forth for a third time.

Again he had a perilous voyage, and at its end found the colonies in a far worse condition than ever. The Indians had grown more hostile; sickness prevailed, and misery and wretchedness everywhere abounded.

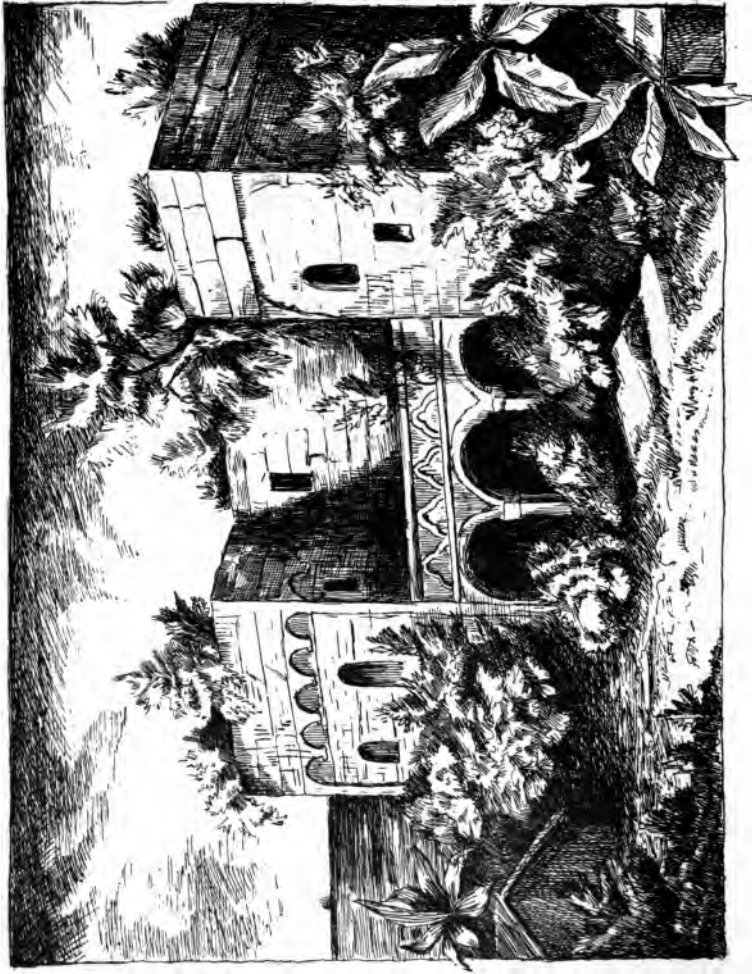


COLUMBUS IN CHAINS.

COLUMBUS IN HAYTI AGAIN.

A low Spaniard, named Roldan, had formed a conspiracy against Columbus. With a band of followers in character like himself, he set forth on an expedition, robbing the natives, burning their homes, killing their children—all for the mere amusement of it, and for the gratification of their low, cruel natures.

There was nothing Columbus seemed able to do to stop them; and when the crew from three of the



RUINS OF COLUMBUS'S HOUSE AT HISPANIOLA.

vessels he had brought over in this third voyage joined them in a body, Columbus was indeed heart-sick.

And now came a man named Amerigo Vespucci. Ojeda was with him, and together they proceeded to attack the islands, capture the prisoners — all without reference to Columbus, who still held, or supposed he did, the governorship of all lands not yet discovered.

Columbus was not a little disturbed by this, and sent Roldan, with whom he had made a half-satisfactory peace, to meet Ojeda.

These two cavaliers were well-matched, both for daring and for lack of principle. Ojeda met Roldan boldly, showed papers from the king, proving that he had permission thus to take possession, and ordered Roldan to go back to Columbus with this report — that he was fast losing favor in Spain, and that he himself had been sent over for the express purpose of bearing intelligence from the king which might not be pleasant for him to hear.

Columbus's command was really at an end. No one obeyed him now. A conspiracy to assassinate him was on foot. At last a new governor was sent over by the two sovereigns. He seized Columbus and threw him into prison. Like a criminal he was paraded through the streets, to be stoned and jeered at — and all this degradation because of the treacherous stories of men like Ojeda and Roldan!

Chained, he was sent back to Spain. The captain of the ship, indignant at such brutal treatment, would have removed his chains. But Columbus said, "In the letter sent over by my successor from the king and queen, they bade me obey the new governor, Bobadilla. By their authority he claims to have put me in chains. Then I will wear the chains until they themselves shall free me."

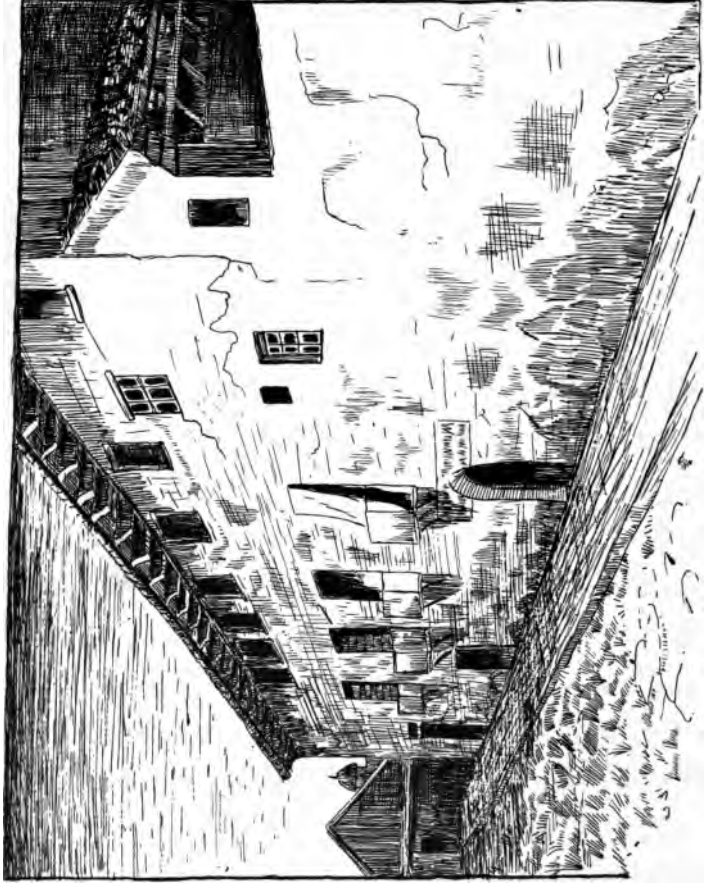
You will be glad to know that when the king and queen heard of the action of Bobadilla, they were indignant, indeed. "We gave him no such authority," said they; "and he must at once be recalled."

When Isabella met Columbus, she burst into tears. This touched the heart of the kind-hearted, well-meaning Columbus as no reproof could have done, and he fell on his knees before her, sobbing like a child.

As soon as possible another governor was sent to supersede Bobadilla; but it was a discouraging task to attempt to bring anything like harmony out of the condition on the islands now, so thoroughly were the natives aroused to vengeance.

Courage, World finder! Thou hast need;
In Fate's unfolding scroll
Dark woes, and ingrate wrongs I read
That rack the noble soul;
On! On! Creation's secrets probe,
Then drink thy cup of scorn,
And wrapped in fallen Cæsar's robe
Sleep like that master of the globe
All glorious,—yet forlorn.

— LYDIA SIGOURNEY.



HOUSE IN WHICH COLUMBUS DIED.

COLUMBUS'S LAST VOYAGE.

Once more Columbus set forth for the land of his discovery. He was now an old man; and though broken in health, and exhausted by anxiety and care, his active brain seemed tireless.

As Columbus sailed into the harbor, he met Bobadilla sailing out. His ship was loaded with gold which had been stolen from the unhappy natives, and with this Bobadilla hoped to gain the favor of the king.

It was a beautiful day, but Columbus, with true mariner's foresight, knew that a storm was brewing. Kindly he warned Bobadilla, but received from him only insults in return. Bobadilla sailed forth. Soon the storm arose, and Bobadilla and all his crew were swallowed up in the raging billows.

Again Columbus saw the same picture of woe and misery on the islands, the same scenes of brutality and cruelty among the Spaniards. His heart sank

within him. Shipwreck drove him upon a hostile island. Sick and half starved, he called one of the natives to him and said, "Our God is angry with you that you do not bring us food. He will to-night hide his face from you. That will be your warning. Then if you do not help us, some terrible curse will be sent upon you."

The Indians listened in amazement. Some laughed, others were frightened.

But sure enough, when the moon was up high in the heavens, its light began to wane. Darker and darker it grew. The Indians fell prostrate upon the ground, begging Columbus to intercede for them with the angry God.

Columbus pretended to hesitate, saying that he doubted if God would forgive such awful sins as these. The Indians grew more and more frightened. Provisions were brought from every dwelling, and laid at Columbus's feet. Then the moon began to come out again; and the panic stricken Indians returned



DEATH OF COLUMBUS.

to their dwellings, promising never to hold back help from the "sky people" again.

The new governor all this time would not allow Columbus to enter the port, and the old man found himself little better off, and no more held in respect than when under Bobadilla.

So time passed on. The new governor governed all. And even when, by-and-by, Columbus was allowed to enter port, he was everywhere treated with insult and indignity.

At last he returned to Spain. He went at once to Seville. Wretchedness followed him there. In utter poverty he appealed to Isabella. But she lay dying, crushed with the griefs and disappointments of her own sad life. Seeing her friends gathered about her, she said, "Do not weep for me, nor waste your time in prayers for my recovery. I do not wish to live."

The death of Isabella was a great blow to Columbus. No one now remained in whom he could



MONUMENT TO COLUMBUS IN GENOA.

trust Faithfully he told to the cold-hearted Ferdinand the story of his last voyage, but not one word of encouragement had the king for his faithful servant.

A few months longer, spent in the deepest physical agony and the most bitter poverty, and Columbus died. Knowing that death was near at hand he said, "I welcome thee, O death! You free me from the wretchedness of life. And into thy hands, O Lord, do I commend my spirit."

His remains now rest in the cathedral at Havana; a beautiful monument to his memory stands in Genoa; and the world is just now beginning to appreciate how good a man for his times he was, and is willing at last to render him the homage that seems so justly his due.

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